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Comment Of The Day

250,000 Victims

THE Colony needs no reminding of the seriousness of the drug traffic when it claims 250,000 as victims. But the study group whose findings were published earlier this week would do well to go beyond the recommendation to set up a treatment centre. The drawback of such an institution is that to succeed it needs to provide an alternative environment in which the inducement to return to addiction no longer exists. Where can such an environment be found here?

The one department of our anti-narcotics operations which needs to be considerably strengthened is the inspection, or preventive section. Inter-departmental rivalry between the police and the DC & I can only be overcome by concentrating all search operations into one department with one staff.

DRASTIC measures have been discussed informally to stamp out addiction. One way that Government itself should import heroin to undercut and eliminate illegal traders and then gradually set about tapering addicts off. There are many disagreeable features about this idea but one thing is certain: until international co-operation or vastly improved preventive measures reduce imports, the expenditure of any large sums of money on treatment alone would be a sop to troubled consciences rather than a carefully reasoned attempt at solution. What Hongkong has to guard against is the spread of addiction — the extent to which crime and narcotics are linked emphasises that. If all the money we spend could be devoted to that end, in time existing facilities plus an institution such as the study group suggest, could handle the treatment of those who wanted it. It is worth adding — to stress the difficulty of the problem — that drug taking itself is not an offence, nor can an addict be forced to undertake treatment unless he is naturally deprived of it while serving a prison term.

PLACES FOR OVER 2,000 TO BE PROVIDED BY 1966 UNIVERSITY ENROLMENT PLANS

Exodus Of HK Students To America

By A CHINA MAIL REPORTER

Hongkong University plans to double enrolment in the next seven years, it was learned on good authority this morning. This will mean that the University will provide places for a total exceeding 2,000, including 1,800 undergraduates in the various faculties by 1966.

Earlier, the aim was to boost intake to 1,500 in five years. A total of 1,125 students were enrolled in the University in October last year. This included more than 900 undergraduates. This year's figures should show an increase.

British Envoy For Peking Leaves

Mr Michael Stewart, the new British Charge d'Affaires in Peking, left here by train this morning to take up his appointment.

Mr Stewart told a China Mail reporter that he felt his new post was a very challenging one, and that he was looking forward to it. "China is an important country and important for us all," he said.

He said that this was his second Far East posting. He had served in Singapore five years ago.

Mr Stewart, who had visited Hongkong before, said that he was very impressed with the improvements done here since he last saw Hongkong. Accompanying Mr. Stewart was Mr. M. H. Morden, First Secretary at the British Embassy in Peking.

Mr Stewart will be joined in Peking by his wife and three children in November.

He was seen off at the Kowloon Railway Station by the Chief Justice Sir Michael Hogan and Mr S. L. MacLachlan, Political Adviser to the Hongkong Government.

TWO SURPRISE MOVES IN PODOLA TRIAL

London, Sept. 11.

There were two surprise developments at the Old Bailey today, where, Guenther Fritz Erwin Podola was charged with murdering a police-sergeant.

The first move was when the jury was asked to leave the court because matters had arisen which did not concern them.

The second was when the Press were ordered not to report certain evidence following a request by Crown Counsel, Mr Maxwell Fyfe, during his prosecution of Dr Phillip Harvey, a witness for the defence.

Day After

The defence contention is that Podola has lost his memory of all events up to July 17, the day after he was arrested.

The prosecution alleges that his amnesia is faked.

The jury will have to decide whether Podola, a 30-year-old German-born photographer, is insane and cannot be tried on the capital murder charge.

He is accused of murdering Detective Sergeant Raymond Purdy, 43, who was shot dead in the entrance to a block of flats in West London on July 13.

Not The Jury

Mr Justice Davis told the jury that "in certain eventualities they would not be the jury of the trial."

He said today, Dr Phillip Harvey, consultant physician at St Stephen's Hospital in West London, where Podola was admitted after his arrest, told the court that he had lost his memory.

He said: "At no time did Podola say to me: 'I have no memory.' It was an inference I made by his replies to my questions."

He said that Podola's pattern of recovery of his mental faculties in hospital after his arrest could not have been faked.

No Truth Drugs

Dr Harvey also told the court that Podola had refused to take mental or sodium amylal (sleeping drugs, commonly and collectively known as truth drugs) although he had not refused any other treatment.

He did not give the refusal in relation to Podola's claimed amnesia.

He said that in his experience some people feared that under the influence of certain drugs they might not only talk, but also tell the truth.

In his case, one might say something indicating, "If one was intending to feign loss of memory, that one had, in fact, not a genuine loss of memory."

Dr Harvey said that a high degree of consciousness would be required deliberately to feign a loss of memory.

Puzzled

The last witness today was Mr Morris Williams, Podola's solicitor. He said that after Podola's arrest he was instructed by a client to do what he could to safeguard Podola's interests.

He saw Podola at hospital on July 20 and told him that he could do nothing unless he had Podola's direct instructions.

At first Podola did not understand but later he appreciated that Mr Williams was a lawyer.

"But his (Podola's) reaction was 'What has that got to do with my eye,' Mr Williams said.

His Question

After Dr Harvey had explained to Podola the reason for Mr Williams' presence, Podola seemed to understand that but could not see the connection between Mr Williams' presence and his bruised eye.

Mr Williams said that after Podola had been told he would be charged with Sergeant Purdy's murder, he asked "Do you mean I have shot somebody?"

Mr Williams told the court that Podola was charged at Chelsea Police Station in his presence.

He had had no instructions from the accused when he made his subsequent appearances in court.

Photographs

Mr Williams said that he had collected from the police a packet of photographs found in Podola's possession.

Podola had identified seven of them, but could not identify four.

The court rose after the judge warned the jury not to talk to anybody about the case. — Reuters.

Floods In Kwangtung

Tokyo, Sept. 12.

China today reported floods in southern Kwangtung Province as an unnamed typhoon hit the province's coast early Friday.

In the Swatow area, the New China news agency reported today, from seven to 12 inches of rain fell in the past two days sending chieft rivers in the region over the highest water mark in years. —UPI.

Onassis Sails Off With Maria

Venice, Sept. 11.

Mr Aristotele Onassis and prima donna Maria Callas sailed away today on his yacht "Christina" — without, Tina aboard.

The Greek shipowner's wife, Tina, for whom the gleaming white craft was named, remained behind in Paris, according to Onassis' household sources there. —UPI.

U.S. TEXTILE DECISION NEXT WEEK

Washington, Sept. 11.

A decision would probably be taken next week on the National Cotton Council's appeal for restrictions on cotton textile imports from Japan, Hongkong and other countries.

Mr Ezra Taft Benson, the Secretary of Agriculture, said today.

Mr Benson said he conferred earlier today with some members of the Agriculture Committee of the House of Representatives who urged him to accept the Council's petition.

The appeal has received the widespread backing of Congressmen from the cotton producing states of the U.S. south and those representing textile mills in New England and throughout the south-east "part of the country. —Reuters.

HK Film Man's Brother Has Big Success At Doncaster

Leading Singapore businessman, Mr Runmo Shaw, who is the brother of the Hongkong film magnate Rande Shaw scored a big success at Doncaster yesterday when his horse brought off a surprise win in the Portland Handicap.

The horse, New World, formerly champion sprinter of Malaysia, started at 25 to 1. He held the lead from the start and passed the post holding off a strong challenge from Britain's champion sprinter, Right Boy, the favourite at nine to four.

Mr Shaw, collects £2,200 for the victory.

This was New World's first placing in four outings. The race was run over five furlongs, 162 yards, and New World had jockey Derek Greening up, said Reuters.

The Portland Handicap was the feature event on the days programme at Doncaster yesterday.

Mr Runmo Shaw runs a stable of 60 horses in Malaysia.

Battle Again Rages For Laotian Fort

Vientiane, Sept. 11.

A Laotian army fort, only recently retaken from Communist rebels, was today being attacked by three battalions and had sent an urgent radio appeal for help, the Laotian Army Chief of Staff said here.

Brigadier-General Ouan Ratikone said the rebels had moved down the rugged Muongson Valley from near the North Vietnam border and attacked the isolated Fort Muongson yesterday.

The fort, one of the first to fall during the original rebel attacks in mid-July, had only been recaptured by the Laotian army three days ago.

The General said the attackers were "Laotians" — a newly-coined word here to describe the mixture of Laotian pro-Communist Pathet Lao rebels and troops which the Laotian Government claims have crossed the border from North Vietnam.

He said reinforcements were being sent from southern Sam Neua Province.

The General was speaking as the Laotian Government prepared for the arrival of a United Nations fact-finding mission, due here over the week-end.

He told reporters that 200 Laotian troops had been killed in the two-month-old guerrilla war and another 125 wounded. But the wounded figure was not complete, he added.

SEVEN RETURNED

At one fort attacked during a rebel drive along the Ma river on August 31 seven men returned out of a force of 62, the General said.

Before today's announcement of the Fort Muongson attack, military observers believed the Communists had adopted a new method of peaceful political infiltration to present to the U.N. team.

Latest reports from military observers returning from the rugged and remote north-east where Fort Muongson lies, said the Communists were far from withdrawing.

Two Laotian companies — about 220 men — have been flown to Sam Teu fort, only 40 miles from Sam Neua town, after reports came in that the rebels were pressing in on the fort. — Reuters.

Krishna Menon: 'Serious But Not Alarming'

London, Sept. 11.

Mr V. K. Krishna Menon, Indian Defence Minister, flew into London tonight from Bombay and said that the Indo-Chinese border troubles were "serious, but not alarming."

He said, "they are serious in the sense that we cannot just ignore them. We will protect the sovereignty of our country as best we can."

Asked whether India would fight if the Chinese attitude hardened, Mr Menon said, "we shall defend the borders of our country to the best of our ability. We hope, and I think, it will be settled by negotiation."

QUESTIONED

He was questioned closely at a 40-minute news conference at the airport.

Mr Menon was asked, "Are you a Communist?"

He snapped back: "Are you a Fascist? Is Lord Beaverbrook a Fascist? I think that was a highly impertinent question."

He was asked if the present situation would make any difference to India's relations with Pakistan.

"It will make no difference to our policy of non-alignment. I shall not raise the matter at the United Nations."

He said that he hoped to see Mr Sidney Lloyd during this weekend. —UPI.

YOU'LL LOVE THIS New 98C Hair Dryer

Working your hair is no problem when styling it is so easy! The new 98C is light and comfortable to use — there's even a handy pistol grip so holding it for you. Give it a try and you'll find it's the most efficient, powerful hair dryer you've ever used. It's the most efficient, powerful hair dryer you've ever used.

98C Showrooms: Alexandra House Arcade Tel 38181

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Such lovely things, both East and West: Won't you fly there with me?

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- * 3 flights a week from HONG KONG TO TOKYO, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY (Departure 10.15 a.m.).
- * Choice of First & Tourist Class.
- * Every First Class seat a full Blumhardt.
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- * Wonderful Super-G Constellation flights and Radar comfort.

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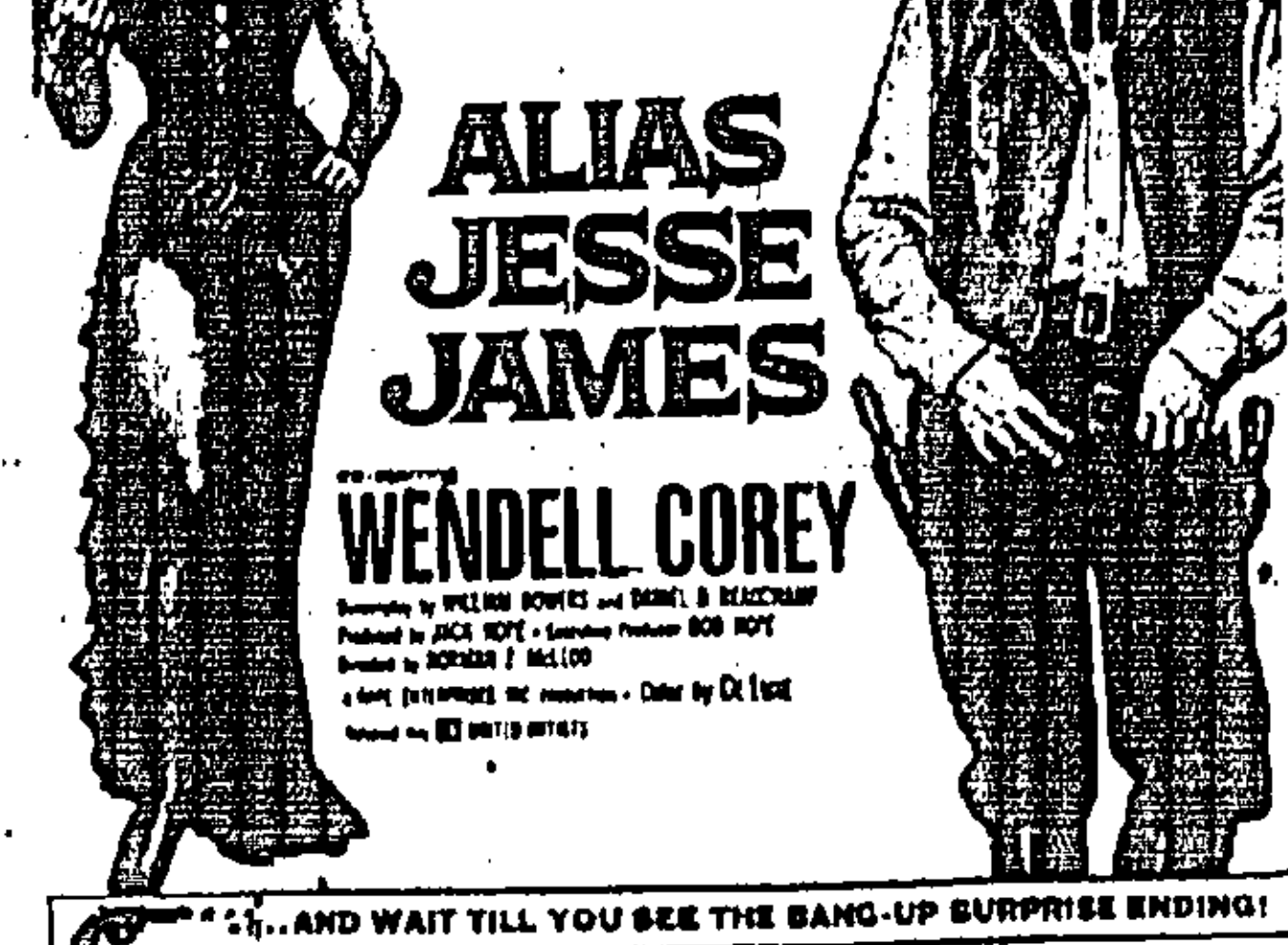
See also: **ANTINORI** for a genuine **CHIANTI**

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

BOB HOPE RHONDA FLEMING

IN THE
BIGGEST GUN, GAL
AND GAG STAMPEDE
IN THE WEST!



PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS At Reduced Prices

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox Presents
Richard Burton • James Mason in
"DESERT RAT"

TO-morrow At 11.00 a.m. To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
Paramount Presents Warner Bros. Presents

"A PROGRAMME OF
POPEYE THE SAILOR AND
VARIETY TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS"

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-MORROW At 11.00 a.m.
U-I COLOR CARTOONS

TO-MORROW At 12.15 p.m.
J. A. Rank Presents "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE"
Starring Kay Kendall • Dirk Bogarde • Kenneth Moore
Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

R O X Y & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"54-40 or FIGHT!" The battle cry that
conquered the
unconquered!



BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance
of "THE OREGON TRAIL" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
20th Century-Fox presents LATEST
In CinemaScope & Color UNIVERSAL
"ANASTASIA" TECHNICOLOR
Starring: Ingrid BERGMAN PROGRAMME
Yul BRYNNER

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show Tomorrow 12.30
Matinee Carol in "LOVE MONSTER"

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Morning Show To-morrow
Bet BOONE in
"BERNARDINE"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

I DID not see much connection between the title, "For the First Time," (Hoover and Gals) but I think the film will go big with Mario Lanza's many fans.

I am not one of them, but I must admit that I enjoyed this film for its many excerpts from opera; when singing "pop" stuff, Mario is to me just another singer, but Lanza singing "Come Prima," and "Don't Leave This World," is a different cup of tea altogether.

The story is as sentimental as a Christmas card, and I have no doubt Miss Von Koczian, as the girl who causes Lanza to see the light, will have many hard-hearted Hongkong people in tears.

For in this film Lanza begins by being a very bad character, even though he is supposed to be one of the world's greatest artists. Usually we expect great singers and artists to leave such crude liquor as Scotch and the vino alone, but Lanza laps it up as gratefully as a thirsty pool.

Now this drinking is inclined to make him overlook the fact that many characters are gathered in various halls all over the world to hear him, and when he does not turn up, they are irritable because they have paid money for their seats. And, as is usual upon such occasions, they want their money back.

Well, I do not know what would have happened if Miss Von Koczian had not turned up, but what puzzled me was, as Miss Koczian is deaf, she could not fall in love with Mario's voice; and even although Mario has laid off the spaghetti lately, he still has enough waistline for two average chaps. Still, I don't profess to know much about what causes women to fall in love, and for all I know, Miss Von Koczian just liked Mario's face.

The Hollywood choir takes over in this film, and the inevitable Ave Maria swings into the film with a treble vox humana stop full out, and then Mario takes over. Still, the fans love it, but somehow, heaven escapes from my own, faces as Mario's and my own, and come to that, all faces designed upon generous proportions.

So here is a film for Mario Lanza fans, a haunting song album, a lovely Crook's love through the more picturesque quarters of the world's capitals, and an entrancing technicolor-technicolor romance with music. You lucky people!

REGARDING "Alias Jesse James" (King's and Princess) this is simply Hope, mirth, and hilarity. Usually, Bob Hope amuses me; this time he had me chuckling in a lonely large cinema on a hot humid morning. And if you can get a laugh out of a film under those circumstances, I reckon it rates high.

Bob is cast as the world's worst insurance man, and he lives up to this title by selling a \$100,000 life policy to about America's worst prospect, Jesse James (Wendell Corey).

The eras fall thick and fast, and the gags are so stupid, I mean that it is almost all expressions except when the boss orders Bob west to go and recover the policy.

Says Bob, "I am liable to get killed."

Says the boss, "Stop trying to cheer me up. You come out and is dueled every so often, but so well done is it in this film that I laughed my head off."

Mary Young as Ma James is what every man expects his mother to be, a dear sweet old lady, and she acts terribly at the thought of young Jesse going out to a shooting without first eating his breakfast.

Dodging all over the film looking for eggs, the next that amuses me is when Bob, having cleaned up the job, the grateful citizens want to erect a statue to him. Bob strikes a pose, and a pigeon strikes the bomb sight. Bob says to the pigeon, "Not yet."



Mario Lanza in a scene from "For the First Time".

So you get it? It is the absolute force, with even the romance angle, (Rhonda Fleming) dragged in for a few gazes. But it is funny, very very funny.

★ ★ ★

"Too Many Crooks" certainly pleased the American reviewers who rated the film "very good."

This uninhibited down-to-earth farce has the impeccably groomed Terry Thomas as a sort of Saville Row Scrooge, who has made his money the easy way, but makes it hard to get for all comers.

Obviously, such a well fitted ill-suited society would become the target of gangland leader George Cole, who in turn thinks up a complex plan of coming between Terry Thomas and his money.

This too goes astray, because George Cole runs into Terry Thomas's wife (Brenda De Banzie) who is very cross to learn that Terry would gladly have her kidnapped.

The film ends with real farce as the crooks try to escape with their hard-earned ill-gotten gains, and the wind playing havoc with the notes. The spotlight in this film is played on Terry Thomas, and he turns to it like a sunflower to the sun.

Summing up, it is a breezy comedy, with the crazy cast enjoying themselves with a good chunk of comedy. The characterizations ring with comedy, and a good time is had by both cast (apparently) and audience.

★ ★ ★

IN point of fact, "The Oregon Trail" (Roxy and Broadway) evokes a stage in the evolution of the motion picture. It is the stuff of which the old films were made but fifty years of rapid progress dress it differently. First of all there is CinemaScope, second there is sound, and third there is colour, in this film by De Luxe.

But the stuff of which the wild frontier films are made is still there. The Indians in their war paint; the incredible long distance revolver shooting; the savage charge; the last stand of the pale faces; and the scene that used to set the Saturday afternoon children's matinee in an uproar, the last winning attack of the white men.

How we used to lap it up. Sherbert dabs left unsucked; gob-stoppers poised in mid-air;

and how we used to fight it out until next Saturday came round again to supply us with more material.

Of course, "The Oregon Trail" is much more sophisticated, but for some reason I could not see why the business of the dispute between the States and Britain was dragged in as make-weight, which makes about five films due for release which show how danger-less it is to twist the Lion's tail.

Fred MacMurray gives the spectacular a touch of colour in the role of a newspaper man. Questioned as to why he is "going west," he is asked: "Are you a failure?" To which he answers: "Guess I am, I'm a newspaper man." As a film, it is high wide, and handsome, about the best of the crowd of big outdoor stuff to come, save for "The Buccaneer."

The tremendous detail, even down to the first authentic Colt revolver, shows the trouble to which they go to bring you the cowboy and Indian stuff, these days.

Usually, I keep off production details, but in one or two places the matching is off, so obvious that I can't think how they thought they would get away with it. Pink sky on the set, bright blue off, you'd have to be colour blind to miss it. There's action all the time, plenty of excitement, scalps galore, along the "The Oregon Trail."

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Alias Jesse James." Farce built around Bob Hope as world's worst insurance man, selling a \$100,000 life insurance policy to Jesse James, and Bob being sent out west to retrieve same. Gags well-timed and half-triggered, with Rhonda Fleming providing the feminine angle of a hilarious plot. Big screen and Colour by De Luxe.

HOOVER & GALS: "For the First Time." Sentimental whinny with some fine operatic singing by Mario Lanza; also a slight-seeming tour de luxe. With Johanna von Koczian, and starring Zsa Zsa Gabor. Technicolor and Techniscope.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Oregon Trail." CinemaScope, Colour by De Luxe. Stereophonic sound. Cowboys and Indians. Tremendous scenic effect with Indians doing their stuff right gallantly, and getting their feathers plucked as usual. Fred MacMurray, William Blalock, and Nina Shipman.

METROPOLE: "Too Many Crooks." Crooked crook plot that ever tried to straighten out an audience. Impeccable Terry Thomas crook who has made money the hard way, is set about by George Cole who tries hard to make easy money. Assisted by Brenda De Banzie and Bernard Bresslaw.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Heart of a Man." Sentimental comedy vaudeville which places Britain's variety talent on show. Worked around a plot which has a penniless seaman on the Embankment, hit variety business. Frankie Vaughan, Anne Heywood, and Tony Britton.

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Salute To Courage

Beautiful Kay Kendall is
doad. Requisite in pace;
ora nobis. She was
but young, and in the
ordinary run of affairs, her
greatest triumphs were
achieved, but she could look
back also on some major
achievements. That is
not to be; it has been
ordained otherwise, but we
shall remember her.

We recall the mad flourish in "Genevieve," and the more recent "The Reluctant Debutante," but what I shall remember, and doubtless millions more, is the manner in which she arranged the order of her going. She knew she was very ill, and Rex Harrison knew she would die, but they both faced the business simply.

There could have been an announcement; the public could have been played up in an orgy of emotionism. Instead, which Rex Harrison dropped out of "My Fair Lady," and incidentally received much criticism, and Kay carried on as long as she could.

They had a quiet rest together, and probably spoke of such things which people only faced by such an irrevocable decision could speak of.

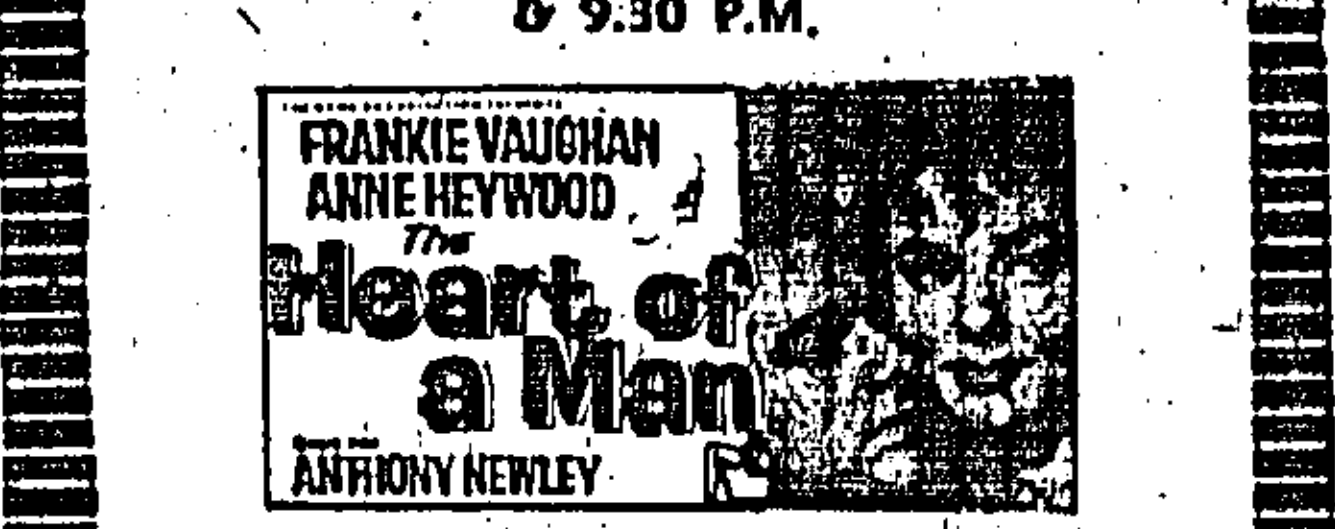
Kay Kendall was, of course used to such a setting, and perhaps Death is not so grim a friend as we make out.

At any rate, he strode behind the wings. She quietly waited while he announced, "Overture and beginning," and at last came the knock: "Your cue Miss Kendall." So she got up and went out.

Could anything be finer?

Lee Astor

LAST 2 DAYS
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



NEXT CHANGE



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m. At 11.00 a.m.
MIGHTY MOUSE M-G-M's COLOR
CARTOONS CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. At 12.30 p.m.
HAPPY ROAD STARS OF THE
RUSSIAN BALLET

HOOVER GALA

TO-DAY ONLY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

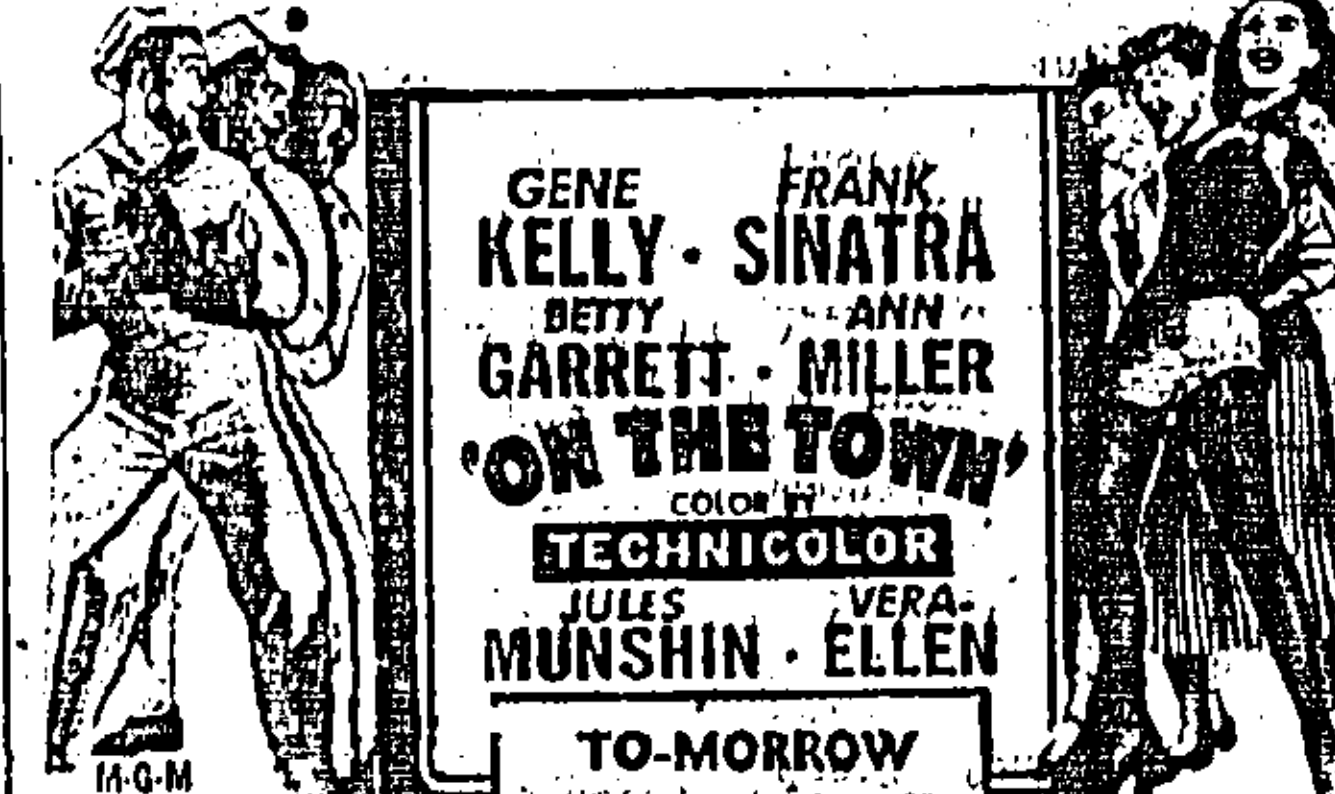
HIS NEW SINGING ROMANCE!

M-G-M presents in radiant COLOR

MARIO LANZA

"FOR THE FIRST TIME"

JOHANNA von KOCZIAN — ZSA ZSA GABOR Technicolor and Techniscope
A CORONA FILM • MUSIC BY



TO-MORROW

Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m. Paramount Films present
COLOR CARTOONS

Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m. June Allyson — Peter Lawford in
"LITTLE WOMEN"

Hoover Theatre at 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's Cartoon Feature
"PETER PAN"

Hoover Theatre at 12.15 p.m. Elvis Presley — Judy Tyler in
"JAILHOUSE ROCK"

METROPOLE TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

THE CLOWN JEWELS IN COMEDY!



11.00 a.m. TECHNICOLOR AND COLOR PRESENTING
12.30 p.m. "HERCULES" in Technicolor

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

The State Takes Care Of Mother Love In Russia

By GAY PAULEY

New York, Sept. 11.
Mother love seems a matter for the mother state in the Soviet Union.

So says Mrs John Sprague Bauman, one of the first two women to participate in the cultural exchange programme between the United States and the U.S.S.R.

"We were amazed. The child-parent relationship seems to be thoroughly limited," she said. "The women with whom we talked were very sentimental about children in general, but saw little of their own."

"We rarely saw families vacationing together. Almost all of the women we met work. It was a rare sight to see a mother pushing a baby carriage... often a nursery is right close to the factory."

Mrs Bauman and Mrs Varnell Jacobs, both of New York and both long active in women's organizations, visited Russia for 31 days this summer as guests of the Society for Friendship and Culture with Foreign Countries. "They like long talks," she laughed.

The women are with the National Council of Women of the United States—Mrs Jacobs as a Vice-President, and Mrs Bauman as Chairman of its Committee on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

They crowded in a lot of touring—visits to Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Yalta, Black Sea resorts, and collective farms in the Ukraine. They saw homes, apartments, youth camps, kindergartens, orphanages, maternity hospitals, housing projects, active churches, a subway, museums, and worker clubs.

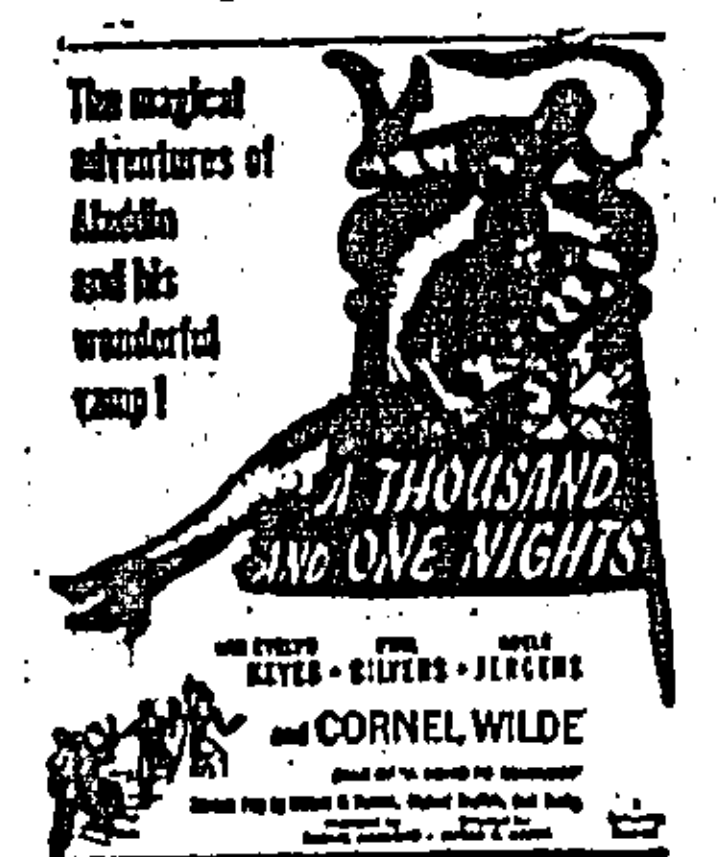
YOUTH CAMPS

The children in nursery, kindergarten or youth camps seemed to make the strongest impression on the women. In an interview, Mrs Bauman said they found the youngsters "unusually healthy and happy appearing and well-dressed."

"The school equipment is excellent by our standards; there was one teacher for every 25 children on shifts."

CAPITOL

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



To-Morrow Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m.
"THE REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

RITZ CINEMA

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

DEBORAH KERR, DAVID NIVEN
JERIN GEBERG, MYLENE DEMONGEOT



— NEXT CHANGE —
ADDIE MURPHY in
"THE QUIET AMERICAN"

of six hours. The children are kept from 7.30 in the morning until 7.30 at night, and get four meals a day.

"The women we met insisted that the children were far better cared for... by the experts."

"I don't know what provision is made for the child who doesn't fit the system."

"But these children are the Soviet's investment in the future and with the indoctrination I observed and the Spartan training in health and endurance, given one cause for our next generation."

Mrs Bauman said she and Mrs Jacobs concluded that if an American visitor wanted the grand treatment in Russia, the way to go was as a delegate for some organization. "The Russians seem to feel that the way to impress a people is from the top down, not from the grass roots up."

DELEGATE

Tourists return complaining of the food and accommodations. But the word "delegate" meant an interpreter always at their disposal, and gifts, flowers, and refreshments wherever they went.

"Somebody was always drinking a toast to peace," she said. As delegates, they found themselves at the head of lines for planes and trains and they got faster service in hotels and restaurants.

"It's the old flattery technique, of course," said Mrs Bauman. "I am sure the Russians want peace," she continued. "I'm also sure they want it on their own terms. But their system is working for them. The main ingredient lacking is freedom. They work to an end. To us, the means is just as important as the end—U.P.I."

Stork gets an artificial leg



The stork in this picture isn't telling a tall tale, he has an artificial leg. During a recent flight the stork landed in the fowl run of an emu at the Emmen Zoo (Holland) and promptly got kicked on the leg, breaking a bone. At the clinic, Dr De Jong plastered up the leg, but the bone would not mend, so they gave him an artificial leg. Here, at the clinic the stork tries on his new leg and walks without any trouble.

26 Tough Teddy Boys Are Used For Experiment

York, Sept. 11.

Twenty-six tough Teddy Boys with a get-rich-quick attitude were used by psychologists of Queen's University, Belfast, Northern Ireland, in a recent experiment to discover whether the desires of a gambler gave him illusions.

Dr J. Beloff, a lecturer in psychology at the University, told the 121st annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science here how the experiment was conducted by himself and Mr K. Warwick, a student at the University.

The Teddy Boys gambled hour after hour in a smoke-filled gambling "den" complete with "croupier" and a gaming wheel.

They were chosen from a Belfast youth club, were each given ten shillings, and placed their bets in a game of chance with the examiner.

PRESTIGE

They were asked to gamble on which symbol would next be flashed on a screen. They had to report on what symbol they thought they saw, as the symbols were flashed for a very brief time.

Some of the youths were unemployed, Dr Beloff said.

It was assumed by the leader of the club that not only was the cash a strong attraction, but prestige was attached to anybody who came out of the experiments well in pocket, he told the meeting.

The phenomenon of "wishful seeing or hearing" is known to psychologists as perceptual autism.

There were three sessions, each consisting of 108 trials.

Dr Beloff said that in one of the sessions, the alternatives were equal-probable, but in the other two, they were rigged.

"In a random series, the subject has no reason to expect any given alternative to be more likely to come up at a given trial than any others," he explained.

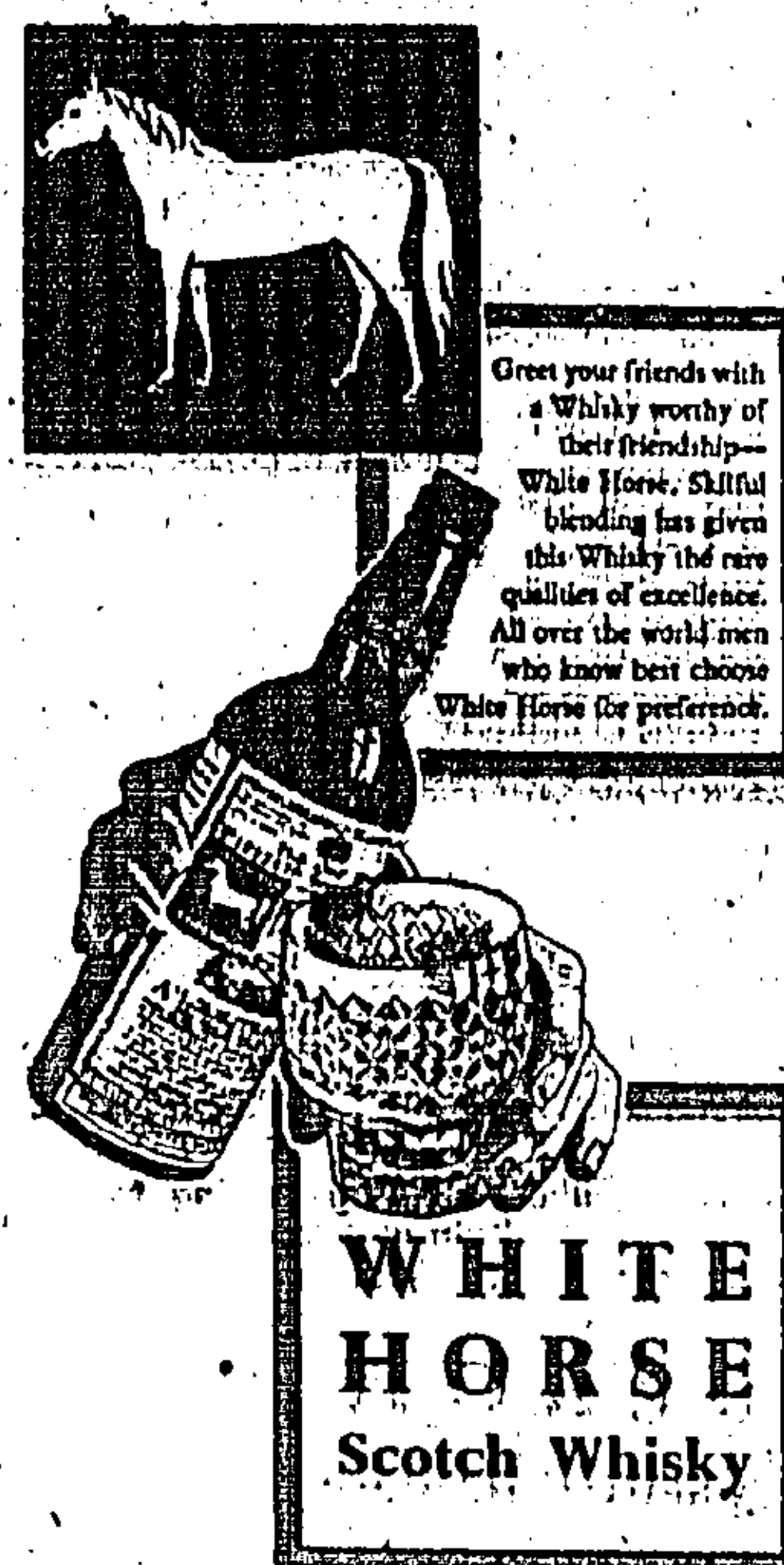
An "autistic individual" would be expected to "see" his lucky symbol more often than would otherwise be the case.

LOTTERY

The results showed unmistakable autistic tendencies among the boys but this disappeared in a fourth experiment where the subjects were deprived of their right to back their fancy by arranging for the lots to be decided by a system of lottery.

There were striking individual differences from which it was tempting to suppose that autism was a function of personality, but there was little likelihood of any follow-up study being made, Dr Beloff said.

This was because two of the most autistic boys were arrested for housebreaking soon after the experiment and were now in a Borstal detention centre. — China Mail Special.



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IN GREAT LAKES

New Fish May Defeat Scourge Of Parasites

Ottawa, Sept. 11.

The "Splake," a fighting cross between the Lake and Speckled trout, may become a major weapon in defeating the Lamprey scourge in the Great Lakes.

Fisheries officials aren't certain yet, but they feel the new fish, developed by Canadian scientists of Manitowish Island, offers some attractive possibilities.

It looks like a good sporting fish, maybe good enough to encourage a full-scale industry on the Upper Lakes.

And it may be the main factor in returning the Great Lakes commercial fisheries to their multi-million dollar levels of pre-Lamprey days.

ATTACK

In the battle against the Lamprey, a parasite which has ravaged Great Lake trout stocks and cost the commercial industry about 10 million dollars (23.5 million) a year for the past decade, the new hybrid looks as a significant item because of its breeding characteristics.

Fisheries Department Conservation Director A. L. Pritchard explained the Lamprey does not attack a fish until it is well-developed. In the case of the Lake trout, this is when it is

three to four years old, before it has spawned, he said.

The "Splake" breeds at a much younger age, however, Pritchard said, and fisheries authorities are hopeful any attack on it will not occur until after it has spawned. Even if an adult was destroyed then, he said, it will already have multiplied the species.

The "Splake" isn't that new. Some sources, in fact, trace its discovery back as far as 1870. But it's only in the last few years that it has assumed major importance.

BATTLEGROUND

Most of the experiments with the new fish have been carried out by Ontario scientists in Georgian Bay, but a few have been planted in Lake Superior, the main battleground against the Lamprey. So far the results have been encouraging, Pritchard said.

The "Splake" will probably be a second line of attack on the Lamprey problem. The main

efforts, involving no less than 11 governments on the federal, state and provincial levels, are still aimed at exterminating the underwater vampire.

A recently discovered "Lampreid" chemical, which kills Lamprey, but does not harm other fish, is the main weapon being used in this campaign. Pritchard said officials hoped to have it in every Lamprey-spawning stream in Lake Superior by next year.

According to Pritchard, the new chemical has been "98 to 100 per cent successful" against the Lamprey.

Its one drawback, he said, is the cost. An estimated three to four million dollars (\$1.1 to 1.4 million) would be needed to put it into full operation in Lake Superior, Michigan and Huron, he added.—U.P.I.

STATE

Sunday Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m.

DANNY JETER in
"COURT JESTER"
Technicolor
At Popular Prices

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GALA PREMIERE

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INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL in CANNES



THE GRAPES
ARE
RIPING

Starring
TATIANA SAMOILOVA

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Sir Gilbert Fleming talking to a party of Russian teachers of English, who are visiting Britain at the Ministry of Education. The teachers have been attending a summer school in London.



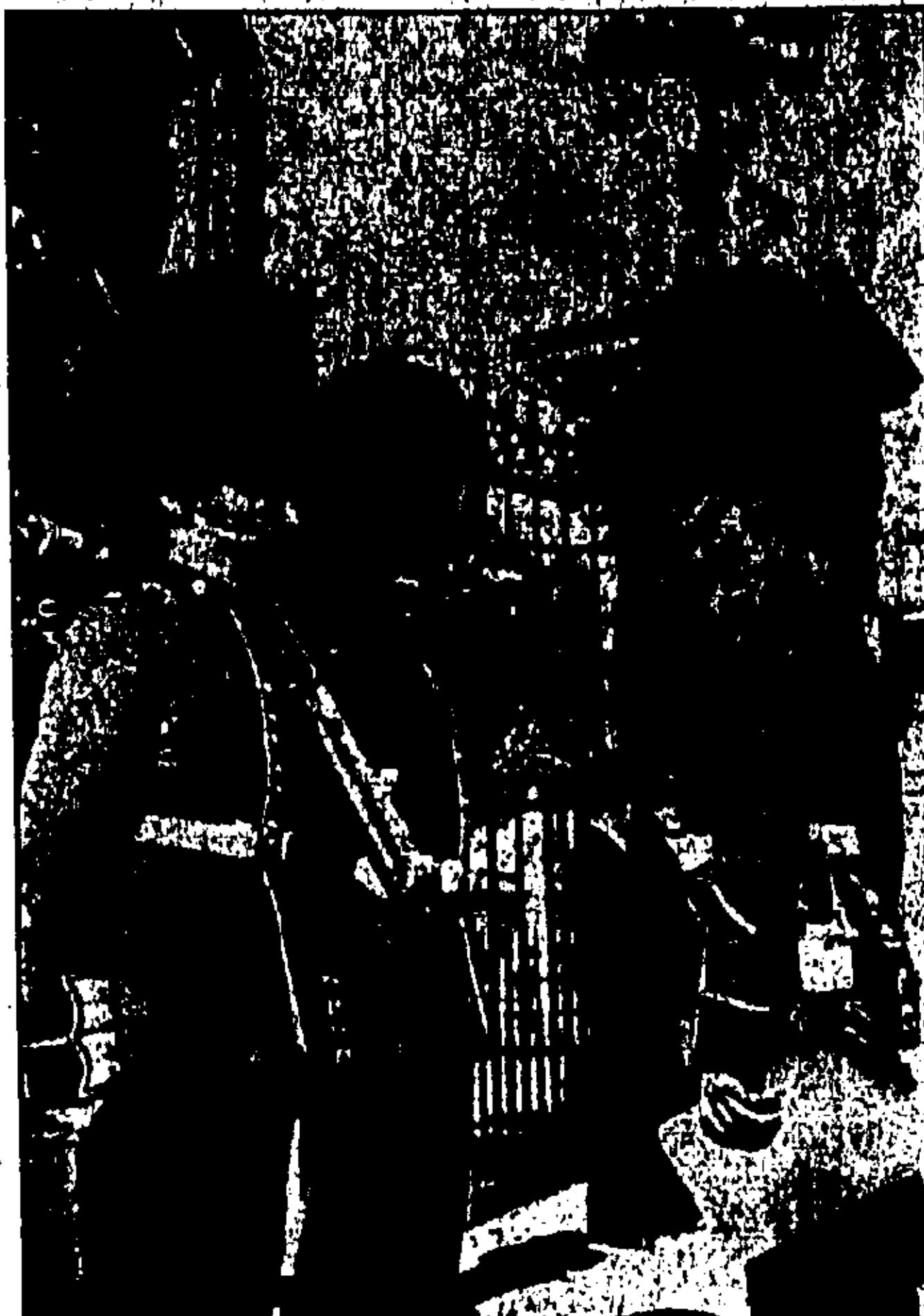
ABOVE: The tenth international astro-nautical congress opened in London—at Church House, Westminster, recently. Picture shows delegates listening to the opening speech. Front row (left to right): E. Ekonomopoulos and E. Petropoulos (Greece) Dr Samuel Kucherov (U.S.) M. Dubin (U.S.) and L. L. Hofstein (U.S.)



ABOVE: In a West-End ballroom candles flickered . . . gaily dressed Malayan girls and their partners performed oriental dances—and rock 'n' roll. An Eastern band played traditional music. Malaysians in London were celebrating the second anniversary of their country's independence. Picture shows Tunku Maimunah (wife of the Malay High Commissioner) with the High Commissioner of Ghana—which also gained its independence in 1957—and Madame Asafu Adjaye.



ABOVE: Italian film actress Gina Lollobrigida is in London for a holiday. She spoke about bringing up her two-year-old son Milko who will join her. "Gina Lollobrigida: 'I like to keep him with me all the time to discipline him. I am a very strict mother—perhaps too strict. My mother-in-law and his father spoil him so I have to be very hard.' Gina says she doesn't want any more children—at the moment."



ABOVE: A Guardsman, of the 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, armed with the new 7.62mm self-loading rifle is seen relieving a sentry of the 3rd Battalion armed with the short Lee Enfield rifle at Buckingham Palace when the 1st Battalion took over public duties in London for the month. While the older type rifle is held at the slope, the new one is carried upright by the right side, since the normal drill is not used with the new rifle.

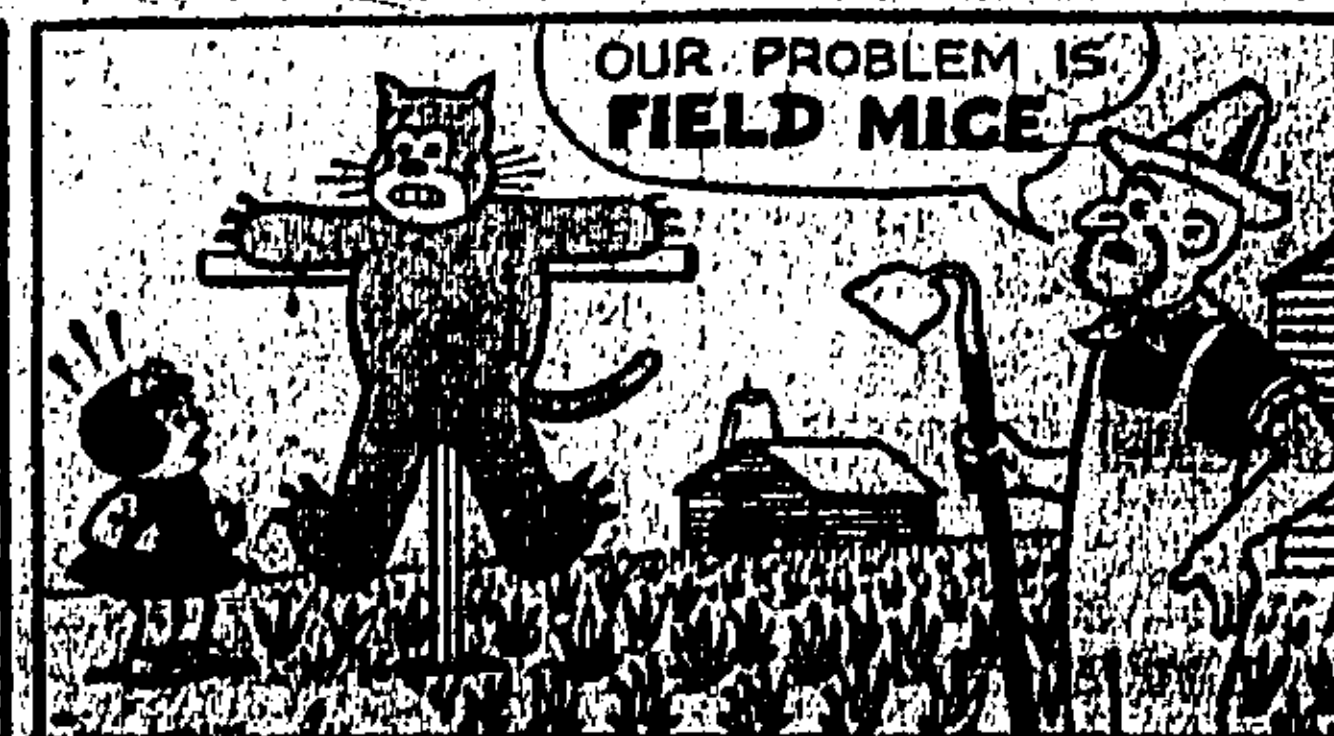


ABOVE: World heavyweight champion Ingemar Johansson is used to being in tight corners—in the boxing ring. But he will find himself in an even tighter corner at London Airport. When he arrives with his Swedish girl friend Birgit he will find waiting to meet him another girl friend. She is coffee-coloured nightclub girl Fay Sparkes with whom he dined, wine and cuddled during his recent trip to London. She is wearing a ring on her third finger, left hand, but denies it is an engagement ring although she admits she is crazy about the Swedish boxer. She is even thinking of giving up her club job and going to work in . . . Sweden.



ABOVE: Prime Minister Mr Harold Macmillan went along to the Oval the other day as the guest of Lord Monckton, President of Surrey CCC, for the second day of the fifth and final Test between England and India. This picture shows Mr Macmillan watching play. Lord Monckton on the left, and behind is Chris B.O. Babb, secretary of Surrey CCC.

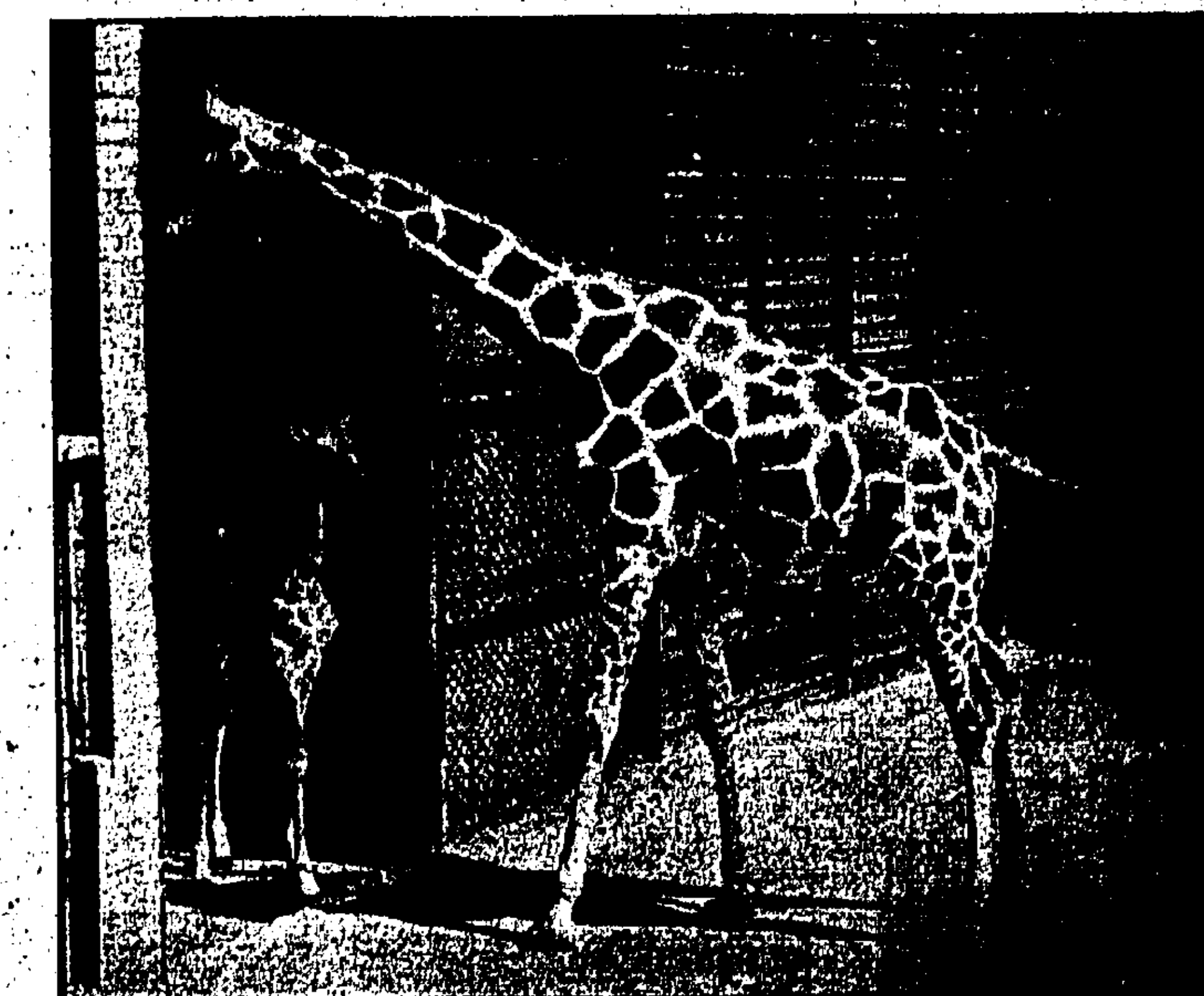
NANCY



ABOVE: President Eisenhower seen in Britain before his departure for Washington. Landing at Prestwick after his talks in Paris, he was driven 16 miles through the Rabbin Burns country to Culzean Castle where he has apartments—the gift of the Scottish people. He was met at the gates of the castle by the Marquess of Ailsa whose family relinquished the castle to the National Trust of Scotland. He is seen here ready for a game of golf.



ABOVE: The auctioneers' men took over at Stanwell Place, the English "home" of King Faisal of Iraq who was murdered last year. The auctioneers were there on orders from the Public Trustee who decided to put the contents of Stanwell Place up for sale. The contents included luxurious cars, Louis XV furniture, silver, china, ornamental carpets. In a cob-webbed room which the public will not see—the king's personal belongings—hairbrushes, a model jet plane, books, portraits, gramophone records, school exercise books (left over from Harrow), padlocked diaries, which are to be destroyed. Picture shows a portrait, a painting—Faisal, man and boy.



ABOVE: Dignity and poise becoming to a very valuable baby are shown by a giraffe calf born at Whipsnade Zoo, Bedfordshire, where it is pictured with its mother Maggie, a reticulated East African giraffe. The baby, not yet named, is worth £1,500. Father of the calf is Twiga.

By Ernie Bushmiller

THE COIL OF THE SERPENT

ONE of the less desirable results of a western education for an Asian is that he often grows up knowing more about the West than he does about the East. He becomes so impressed with the technological and scientific superiority of the West that he tends to look upon all eastern ways and beliefs which cannot be explained in those terms as so much superstition.

I myself, with my Western Education, might have ended up with the same attitude if something had not happened to me early in my life to instil in me a healthy respect for ancient beliefs and ancient ways.

Balanced View

Of course by this I do not mean that I believe in witchcraft and magic or that I am in favour of superstition. Rather it is to say that the scientific

DID IT HAPPEN?

spirit which I have learned from the West has taught me to suspend judgment on the ways of the ancients until they have been proved wrong.

What happened to me happened 22 years ago when I was in Malaya and yet I can remember everything that happened as clearly as if it were yesterday.

I was then eight years old, and like eight-year-olds are wont to do in Malaya, I often ran around sans shirt or shoe. One day, when I was playing in that style of undress, my amah called me to her.

The amah was an old woman who had been with my family for years. She had brought up my father and she was then engaged to bring me up. She was a countrywoman who was uneducated and illiterate.

When I approached she turned me around with her rough, dry hands, and began examining something on my right shoulder. After what seemed to me to be a long time, she said: "You have been afflicted with the Flying Serpent. Unless you receive the proper treatment, you will die."

She said this calmly and evenly. Her face, which was brown and lined like the bark of old oak, did not change its expression.

My first reaction was to pay no attention to the mutterings of a stupid old woman and return to my game of marbles. But then a vague feeling of uneasiness, curiosity rather than of fear took hold of me. "What is the Flying Serpent?" I asked.

She took my left hand and placed it on a spot on my right shoulder. I felt a number of tiny bumps like insect bites covering an area the size of a halfpenny on my skin.

"That is the head of the Serpent," she said. "In a few days the Serpent will begin to grow. Little bumps like these will appear in a line across your back and round your belly. That is the coil of the Serpent. When the coil reaches the right

side of your waist you will die."

"That is all nonsense," I said, and returned to my game. But nevertheless that vague, uneasy feeling stayed with me.

Meanwhile, the amah communicated her discovery to my grandmother. Although the Flying Serpent is not common, the disease is by no means unknown, and my grandmother loving me as only a Chinese grandmother can love her eldest grandson, was all in favour of consulting a native herbalist to secure the necessary remedy.

But my grandfather was absolutely opposed to any such move. He was a doctor in the service of the Malayan Government. He had a completely Western education and he did not have much faith in native herbalists.

Nothing Serious

He examined me and proclaimed that there was nothing seriously wrong with me. Indeed I was inclined to agree with him for I did not feel ill in any way. My parents also staked their faith on my grandfather.

But three days later I developed a fever, which soon climbed to 103 degrees. And the little red bumps like insect bites were still there. My grandfather gave me some pills and applied some lotion to the patch of bumps, but the next day saw no improvement in my condition. My grandfather gave me more pills and some injections, but there was still no improvement.

By now my grandmother was becoming hysterical with worry but my grandfather would not relent. He said he did not believe that my fever had anything to do with the so-called disease known as the Flying Serpent.

Growing!

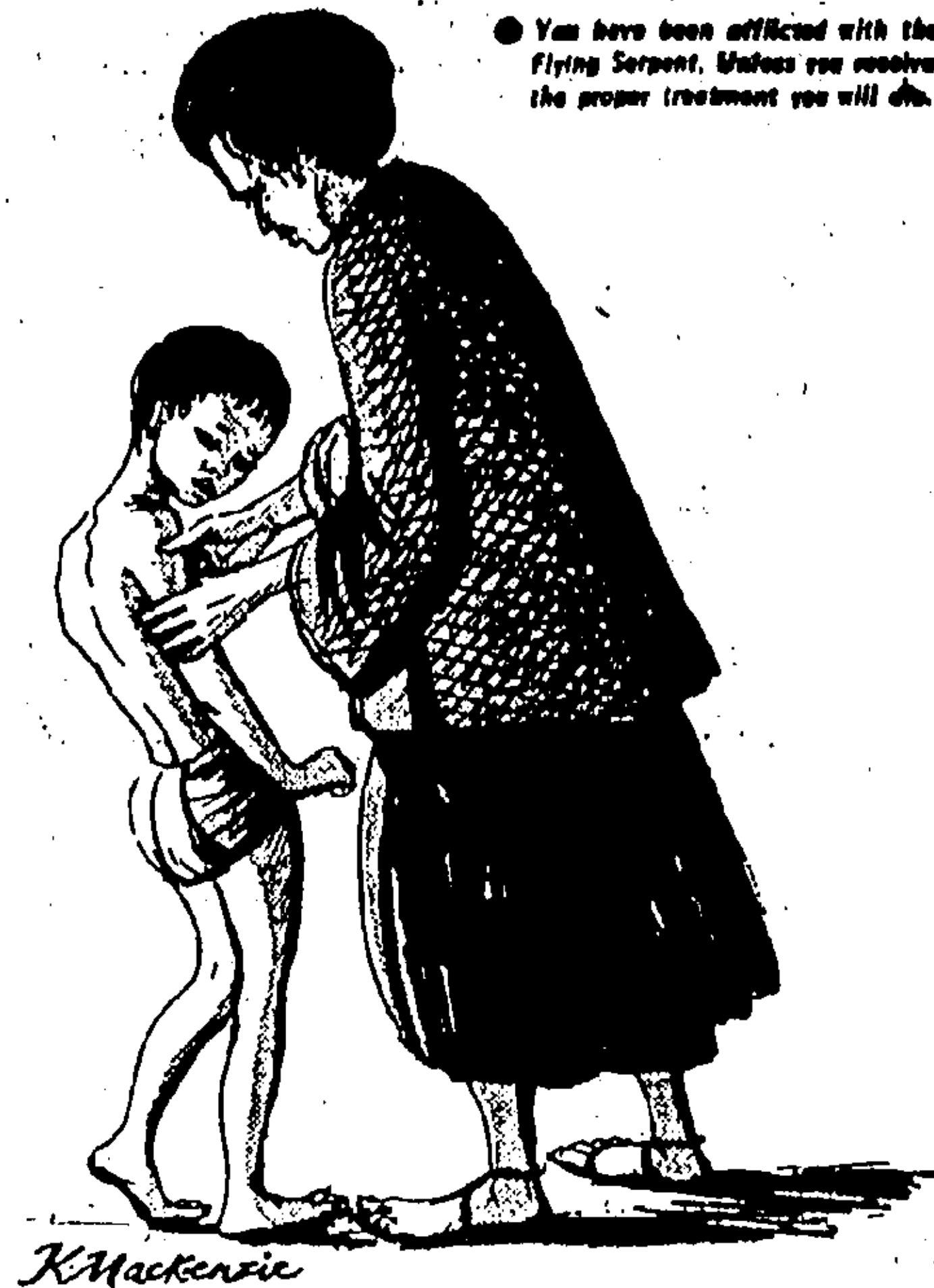
The following day not only saw no improvement in my condition but the Serpent began to grow!

That morning my old amah came to me and, after examining me, proclaimed to the whole family in her undramatic way that the Serpent was growing. Another red blotch, similar to the first but smaller in size, had appeared about an inch or two from the first one.

Thereafter every four or five hours another red blotch appeared. They moved in a slightly diagonal line across my back. What my amah had prophesied and what I had dismissed as nonsense was coming true!

That evening, my grandfather brought two of his English colleagues home with him. They examined me, and then all three stood a little way off and talked with hushed voices and that serious air doctors have when discussing a case. I was given more pills, but I do not know what they were nor do I know what decisions, if any, were made during the consultations.

The next day my grandfather stayed home from work. That must have been an indication of the gravity of my situation. By



K. Mackenzie

• You have been afflicted with the Flying Serpent. Unless you receive the proper treatment you will die.

now I could no longer think or feel things clearly. My senses seemed to be wrapped in a haze. All that I was conscious of was a great fear of death.

Later I was told that in my feverish delirium I kept crying out: "I don't want to die. I don't want to die."

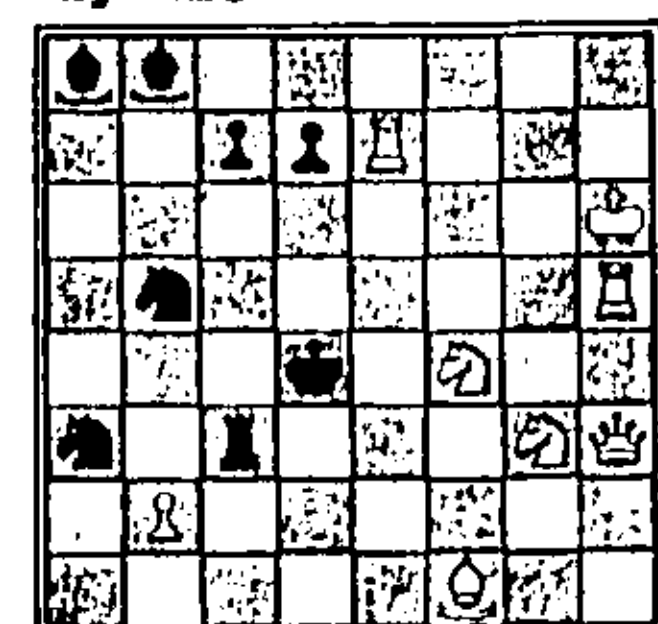
Domestic Scene

What else transpired during this time? I also learned of a scene between my grandparents, which ended with my grandfather bundling me up and carrying me off—with the help of my old amah—to a native herbalist. By now the red blotches had rounded my side and were moving across my belly.

The herbalist prescribed a medicine which was vermillion in colour and had the consistency of mud. This was applied to the red blotches several times a day. Soon thereafter the red blotches began to disappear and my fever began to subside. After three days my fever was completely gone and so were the blotches—except for the original head of the Serpent.

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is a problem by A. Bottachi (Alfred 1100, 1921). White plays and mate in two moves.
Solution No. 5681: 1. R x P ch. 1. K-B2; 2. R x P ch. 1. K x R; 3. Q x R ch. 1. P-R4 ch. and mate next move.
London Express Service.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

NORTH's bid of three spades was to mark time. He expected to show his twelve points later on.

Now South did a little overbidding. He decided that if North held six spades to the ace, the worst that could happen at six spades would be a club finesse for the contract, so South went right into the Blackwood routine and contracted for the spade slam, once North showed one ace.

At this point North decided to do something with his twelve points. He could not bid seven, as South was obviously showing that there was a missing ace, but North could see that six no-trump ought to be a spread.

♥+CARD Sense♦

Q—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1♠ Pass 1♥ Pass
1♠ Pass 2♥ Pass
2♠ Pass 3♠ Pass

You, South, hold:
A Q 9 5 ♥ 2 3 ♦ 6 ♣ A Q 10 5 4
What do you do?
A—Bid four spades. There ought to be a reasonable play for game.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You open one club holding:
A K 10 5 ♥ A 3 2 ♦ Q 8 5 ♣ A J 7 6
Your partner responds one spade. What do you do now?

Since the game was match point duplicate, North wanted those ten extra points.

Also, North was not proud of his spade suit and there just might be a spade trick against the hand.

North was right on both counts. Six no-trump wrapped up since South had five clubs, two diamonds, one heart, and four spades in his top cards, but West's five spades to the ten would have beaten the spade slam.

By David Wong

DAVID T. K. WONG was born in Hong-kong 30 years ago. He was educated in China, Malaya, Australia, and America and received a BA and a MA from Stanford University in California.

He has worked as a journalist for eight years and a lecturer in Far Eastern history for two. "My two passions are writing and travelling," he says, "and I hope to be able to continue doing both."

He has been twice around the world and has worked as a correspondent in London, New York, Singapore and elsewhere.

He is at present on the editorial staff of the South China Morning Post.



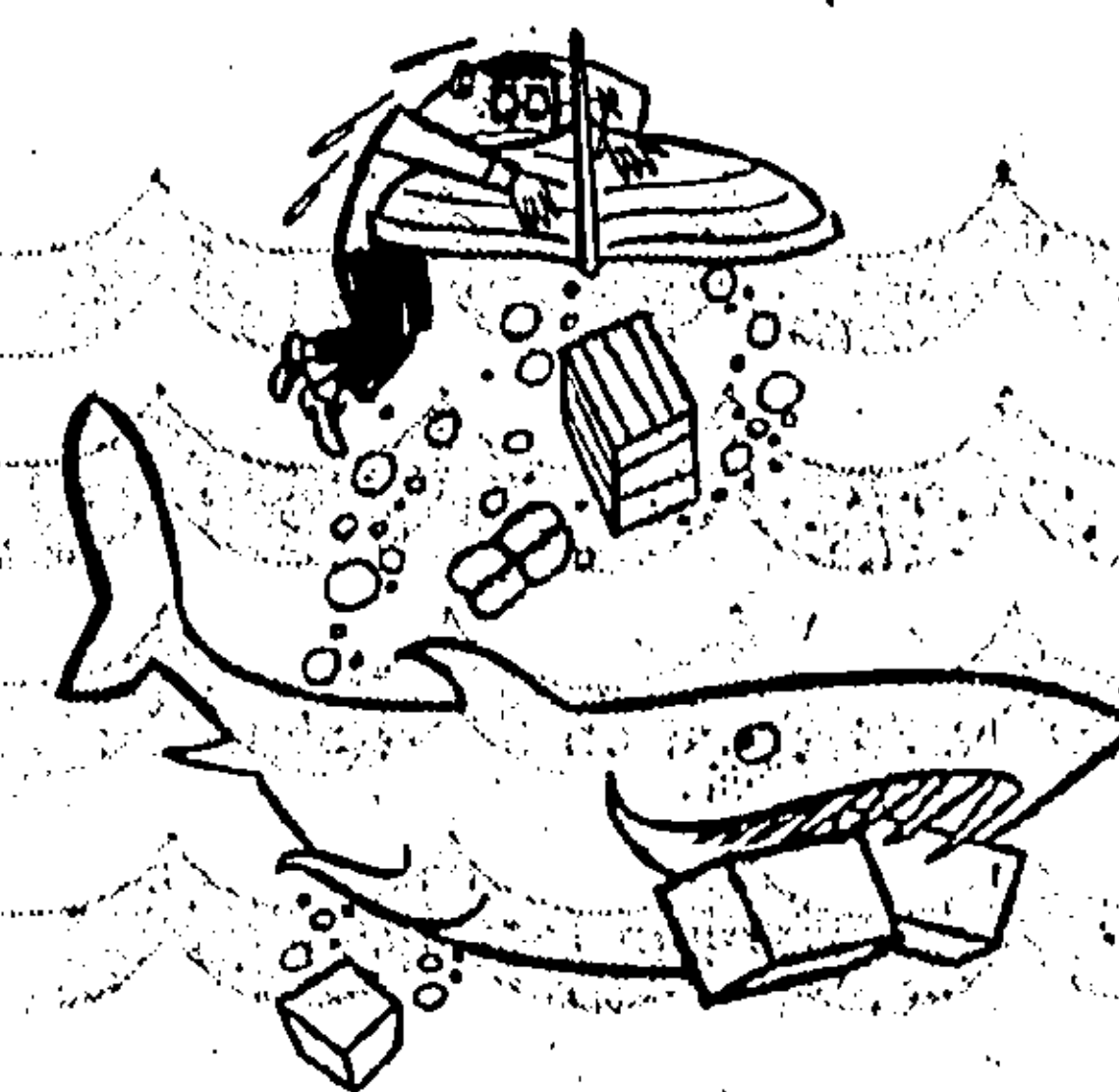
The only disease anywhere resembling the Flying Serpent that they can think of is shingles. But then they admit that many of the symptoms are quite different.

Perhaps some day Western science will discover what the Flying Serpent really is and what are its causes. In the meantime I will have to carry the head of the Serpent around with me—and hope that I will never again have to feel its coil.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above.
(The answer is on Page 18)
—(London Express Service.)



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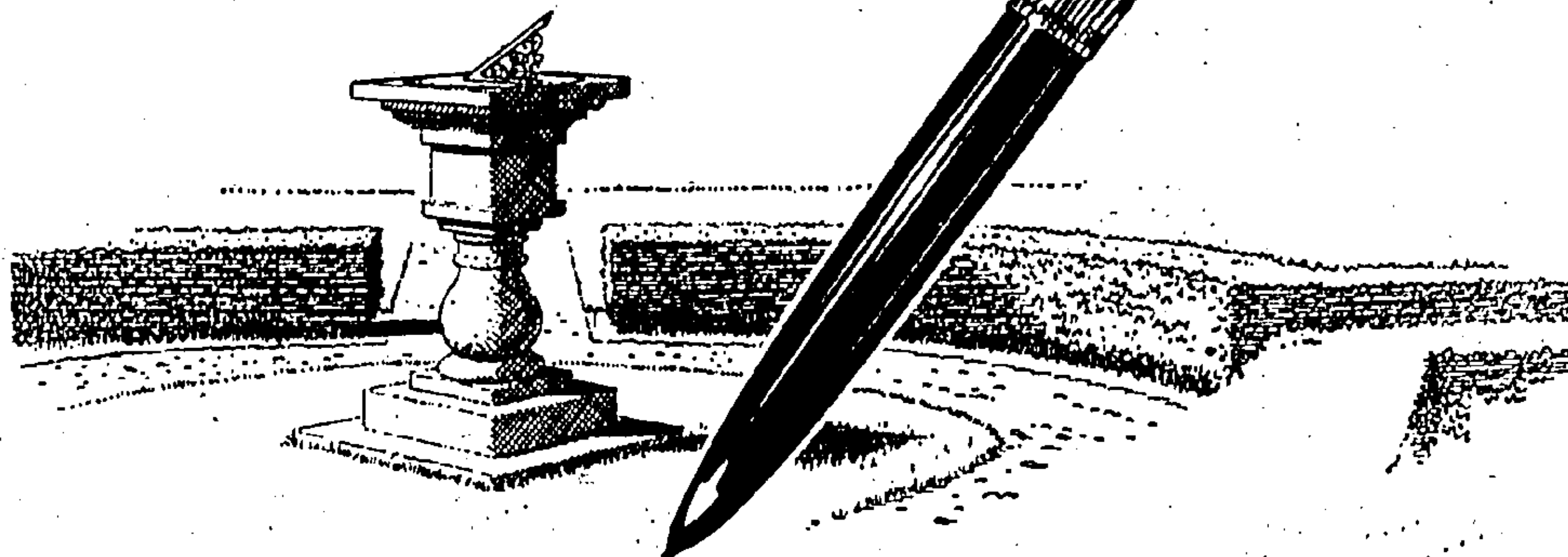
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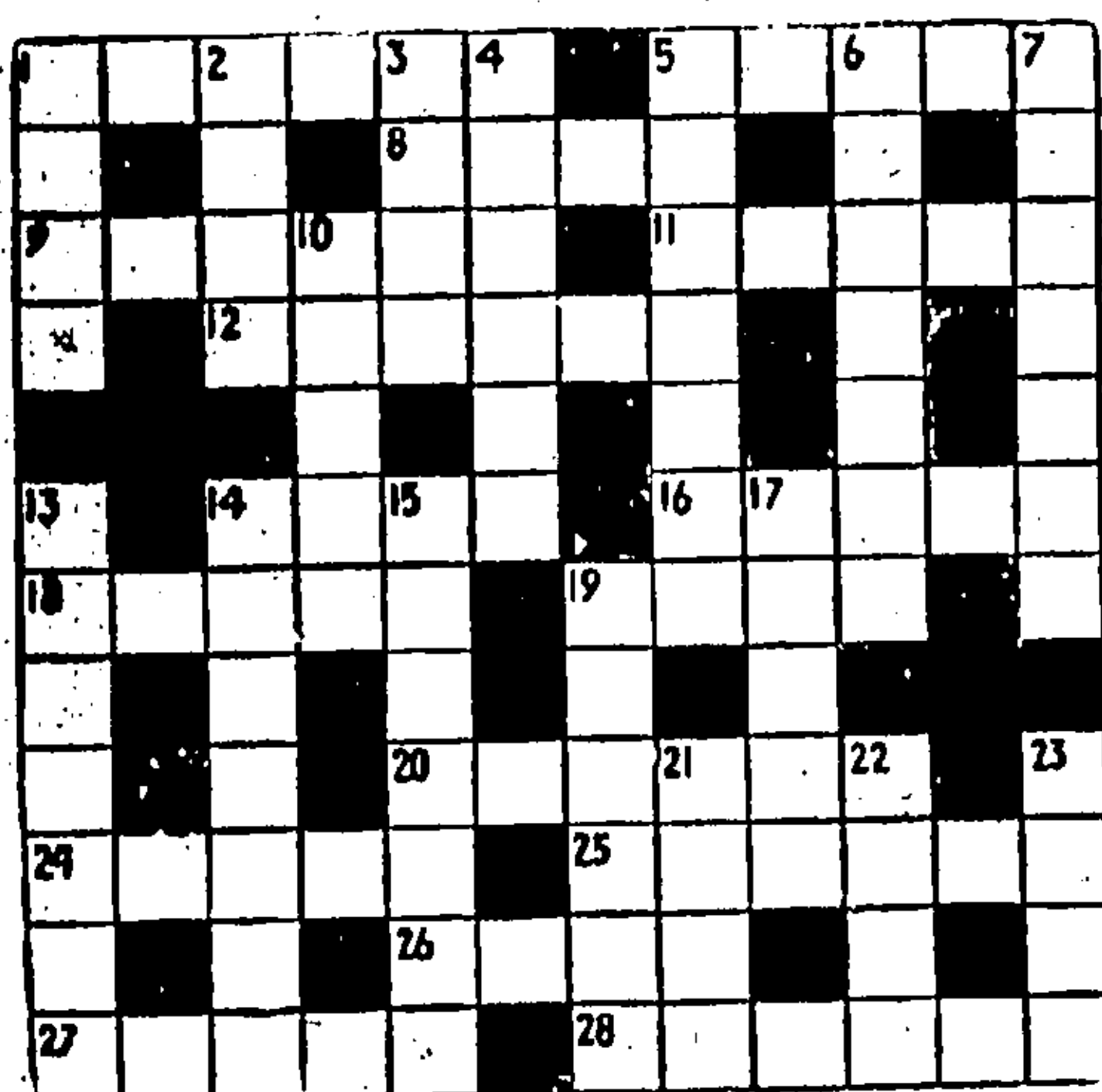
Like the classic sundial, the Parker 61 calls upon natural force to perform its function. Only the ink moves in this new kind of pen! It has no moving parts to go out of adjustment or wear out. The Parker 61 fills itself, using nature's own capillary action, with just the right amount of ink. Then the ink travels to a special reservoir where it is held under rigid control until you are ready to write. It is a virtually leakproof and shockproof pen! Completely new in concept, distinctive in performance, the Parker 61 capillary action pen is truly the aristocrat of fine pens offered today!



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A British Crossword Puzzle



- | | |
|--|---|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1 If big, could give you a fair ride! (6). | 1 Legal act? (4). |
| 5 Breaks for billiards players? (5). | 2 Horticultural conspiracy? (4). |
| 8 Bad habit on the bench (4). | 3 Not odd at dusk (4). |
| 9 Set course for Greta? (6). | 4 It won't hold water (6). |
| 11 Unknown quantity in tea in the U.S. (5). | 5 Troops might beat it in more than one sense (7). |
| 12 A delicate offer, seemingly (6). | 6 Twice "27" (7). |
| 14 Deal successfully with a vestment (4). | 7 Blood relations in the nursing service (7). |
| 16 Possibly a REME VIP out East—and he is—(5). | 8 Little dog has nothing for tea (5). |
| 18 —an Oriental this (5). | 9 Cloric, finally deceased (7). |
| 20 The consultant holds a monarch (6). | 10 Many, being unsuccessful, are shutting up (7). |
| 24 Blazing merrily? (8). | 11 Just now, at any rate, it's a gift (7). |
| 25 Even the best fish may be going off (6). | 12 Would a wallflower be a suitable subject for one? (5). |
| 26 Resort of the over-faithful (6). | 13 So certain stuff may give consolation (6). |
| 27 Man in a boat (5). | 14 Row (4). |
| 28 Removed all trace (6). | 15 Spin up! (4). |
| | 16 Beyond one's prime (4). |

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1, Maria; 4, Camber; 5, Mosals; 10, Zaher; 12, Goethe; 14, Con-four; 17, Rapt; 19, Raskin; 22, Serran; 23, Loun; 25, Glimols; 27, Serene; 29, Cnary; 30, Garier; 31, Spring; 32, Sprat. Down: 1, Minder; 2, Blam; 3, Armp; 5, A-bet; 6, Be-head; 7, Rarity; 9, Courage; 11, Shirl; 13, Erasing; 15, Opte; 16, Turner; 18, Plot; 20, Slank; 21, Easier; 24, Means; 26, Enter; 28, Strut; 29, Roan.

This is the last week-end of peace... a mystery envoy arrives in Britain...

Goering bets me it won't be war

At dawn on September 1, Nazi troops marched on Poland... Hitler had acted at last. With a remarkable lack of fuss or excitement, Britain went on a wartime footing... But though war was now inevitable, there was still time to talk of psychiatry for a cow... and of glandular treatment for footballers...

THERE was a headline in the Sunday Express on August 27, 1939, which matched the mood of that last week-end of peace. The Germans put out a statement saying that their prize Trans-Atlantic passenger ship, the Europa, would make its usual Monday morning call at Plymouth. IT'S ALL RIGHT UNTIL TOMORROW, ANYWAY, said the Sunday Express. But Monday came and the Europa didn't. She made straight for Bremen instead of calling at Plymouth.

At Southampton the following day, however, the liner Queen Mary docked after her strange peace-time journey of all. The great liner was blacked out and battered down the moment she left New York.

Two of her passengers were Stanley Baldwin and Ernest Bevin. The first was sternly warned to leave his pipe behind and the second his cigars when they went up on deck. "It was like being back in the jungle," said film star Maureen O'Sullivan, whose principal activity in these days was playing mate to Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller).

In the air

You could almost smell danger in the air that week-end. Agents of the Irish Republican Army, out to exploit the crisis atmosphere for their own ends, were on the prowl.

One of them parked a bicycle by the kerb in a busy Coventry street. There was a bomb inside a box at the back. When it went off five people were killed, including a young bride-to-be looking at a tray of wedding rings in a nearby jeweller's shop.

A few hours later, a crackpot named Lawrence Alfred Hissman, from Peckham, almost got lynched by some irate women in Downing Street. He mingled with the crowd outside Number 10 and then suddenly shouted: "THESE ARE BOMBS!"—and threw two round objects into the road. Women screamed and lunged themselves and their children to the ground. Then, when no explosion came, they climbed angrily to their feet, and went for Hissman. The police had to go to his rescue.

THAT ASTOUNDING AUGUST 1939

by LEONARD MOSLEY

The "Lamb" were rubber balls on which he had painted anti-war slogans.

A card-maker in Mosley Street, Manchester, put a sign in his window reading: "Just because the world is in a bad shape, there is no need for you to be the same."

Yet the situation was grim, and well the British people knew it.

From all over Germany now the troop trains were rolling towards the Polish frontier. The planes of the Luftwaffe were bombing up for the attack on Warsaw.

In Britain that detested old dame Dora was back in circulation, meaning that the Government had reinvented the Defence of the Realm Act. Now they could not only close the pubs at will, they could also cancel trains, stop traffic on the roads, call up men and women to service, ration food and petrol, requisition houses.

Welcomed

The Fleet was being mobilised. The last reserves were being summoned to the three Services.

Yet all the signs were that the people welcomed this atmosphere of impending war rather than resented it. "It's about time," you could hear folks say-

ing. "Let's show that bloody Hitler we're serious at last."

But were we? There were strange and sinister negotiations going on behind the scenes, and the Government was making every effort to prevent the public and the press from finding out about them.

In both London and Berlin there were rumours that a mystery man was acting as intermediary between Britain and Germany in an effort to bring about peace. Only a handful of men knew his name, and they were sworn to secrecy.

One day he talked with high Nazis in Germany. The next he was in conference with Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and the Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, in London.

In one week he had travelled between Croydon and Tempelhof, the Berlin airport, six times. Yet no whisper of his comings and goings had been allowed to reach the British people. Few people will recognise his name even today.

Yet he played a dramatic role in the negotiations between two

nations on the brink of war all through that dramatic week.

Through him, the Nazis hoped to dupe us into standing back while they invaded and annihilated Poland. And through him the British Government made a last desperate attempt to persuade Hitler, even at that final hour, not to war.

He was a self-appointed apostle of peace named Birger Dahlerus. He was a Swedish business man.

A party

In those last days of August 1939 I met Birger Dahlerus for the first and only time in my life. I had been invited by Hermann Goering, chief of the German Air Force, to a party at his country house, Karin Hall, outside Berlin.

Goering was known to be walking a tight-rope at that

time so far as his relations with Hitler were concerned.

His chief rival for Hitler's favour was Himmler, the cold-blooded, murderous head of the Gestapo. Himmler wanted war. Goering believed that Germany could secure all she wanted without having to fight Britain and France—if only he could bamboozle Britain into standing aside when the attack on Poland began.

He was gay and self-confident at the party. The usual crowd of starlets had been brought in from Berlin to entertain his guests. Champaigne flowed. Groups of guests squatted on the floor and played with Goering's favourite toy, an elaborate model railway.

Others wandered into the memorial building he had built in the grounds in memory of his first wife, a lovely Swede named Karin. Inside it was a bust of Karin—she died suddenly at an early age—which

TWO GIRLS CALLED JUNE

AUGUST 31, 1939 was the day the mass-evacuation of London's children began. Out of that gigantic operation came some of the most touching scenes—and pictures—of the century.

Among the 2,000,000 children who bade tearful farewells to their parents before leaving Britain's cities, threatened capital for the country were little June Bryant, aged four, and her brother Tony, aged five, of Clerkenwell (see right).

Waiting for the transport that was to take them to Luton, Beds, June picked up the wrong match. It belonged to a girl called June Daves.

Of those first days in Luton, June says: "We cried all the time at first. We were miserable and bewildered. But we grew to love the people we were billeted with. It was a terrible wrench leaving them at the end of our stay in Luton."

Today, both June and Tony



June Bryant

are married. June married Arthur Todd two years ago. She lives at Enderby-on-Hill, Harringay, and is expecting her first baby in December. As for Tony? He lives in Brookfield road, Chadwell Heath, with the wife he met at a dance in Luton four years ago. Her name? JUNE DAVES—the owner of the match June picked up by mistake 20 years ago.



turned on an electrically controlled table under a spotlight when you pressed a switch.

Crowds of guests gathered around Goering as he talked, but one man stood aside, very much in the background.

"War?" Goering was saying. "There won't be any war. I give you my personal guarantee that Britain and Germany will be at peace a year from now."

He paid

And then he said directly to me: "I'll tell you what I'll wager a case of champagne, Herr Mosley, that there won't be any war between Britain and Germany in 1939."

"I hope I lose," I said, "but I don't believe I will. The bet

is taken." (A case of champagne arrived for me in the Amstel Hotel, Amsterdam, in October 1939. With no name on it. But with no bill attached to it, either.)

The quiet man in the background said nothing except: "I too hope you will lose."

I asked someone who he was. "Oh, he's just one of Hermann's Swedish friends," I was told. "An old friend of Hermann's first wife. No one important." They did not even know his name.

Yet that same night the Swede, Birger Dahlerus, left Karin Hall for Britain with a special message for Neville Chamberlain from Goering. In it Goering urgently asked the British to open up renewed

negotiations with Germany for the solution of the Danzig problem. Dahlerus told Halifax: "I urge you to take the request seriously and deal with Goering. He has great influence with Hitler."

A pawn

The British Government did not know, for Dahlerus did not even know it himself, that the Swede was being used as a pawn in the Nazi game to confuse the British at the last moment. He was dealt with as an all-important emissary.

And that last August week-end, when he once more flew back to Berlin, he carried a (Continued on Page 7)

OVER 2,000 DIED WHEN THE COLONY'S MOST DISASTROUS TYPHOON STRUCK...

Hongkong's 'Black Wednesday'

WEDNESDAY, September 23, 1874, was long-remembered by Hongkong residents as "Black Wednesday." On that day eighty-five years ago, a typhoon ripped through the Colony leaving over 2,000 dead and 45 shipwrecks in its wake.

Not a single ship in the harbour escaped damage. More than half of them were sunk, the remainder were either wrecked beyond repair, or received minor damage.

All business in the Colony stopped for two days while the damage was estimated, debris cleared and bodies removed.

According to "The Daily Press," which recorded the storm, "Hongkong was visited by the most awful typhoon which has ever been recorded in the history of the Colony."

During Tuesday afternoon the barometer began to fall, and by 8 o'clock in the evening, the wind had risen to gale force. At 2 a.m. on Wednesday the typhoon struck. For the next four hours the full fury of the storm whipped the seas into gigantic waves, hurled massive blocks of granite tens of yards, tore into houses and generally devastated the Colony.

The "Daily Press" were fortunate in finding an eye-witness to the proceedings as the typhoon began its terrible work.

In the quiet and colourful style of the day, the eye-witness, a European, told his story thus:

"As I was returning home at about 11 p.m. I decided to go down to the Praya. I have been in Hongkong for over 14 years and seen many typhoons but I do not know of any which has caused so much injury to the Colony and so much loss of life."

Poetic

When he reached the Praya he poetically described the situation: "The waves broke bright with phosphorescent light and presented a striking and awful sight."

Later, the same eye-witness said he had to grope his way along the waterfront, knee-deep in water, as "flashes and bright rays falling everywhere from buildings."

When dawn broke over the Colony on Wednesday, and residents left their homes, or what was left of them, they were met by scenes of devastation.

An oppressive silence reigned over the Colony.

Gradually people began to move about wherever they could. In the harbour only one ship was moving. She had been struck. For the next four hours she had been swept out to sea. The steamer had been dismasted and taken a lot of water, but was otherwise seaworthy.

Massive

As the light grew stronger, the effect of the typhoon became more obvious.

All along the Praya, there were massive amounts of timber and debris and rocks, silent testimony to the violence of the gale.

At that time the Praya was composed of a wall of huge granite blocks linked together by large steel couplings. A spring of five of these blocks, all one point along the waterfront, had been snapped free and hurled right across the road.

Still further down the road, what had once been a wharf, solidly constructed of large timber logs, had disappeared. The timbers had literally been reduced to matchwood, and they too were strewn along the waterfront.

Every single shop along the Praya was either damaged or flooded in three feet of water. Even shops quite a distance from the waterfront were flooded.

By

ANDREW SLOAN

The once-proud Canton Wharf was completely disintegrated. First, the British barque, Mindanao had been caught in a particularly vicious gust, swept from her mooring towards the shore.

As she had careened through the water the wind changed, pushing her along parallel to the Praya.

The first obstruction she encountered was the Canton Wharf. Bow first, she sliced completely through it, and continued on her wild journey until the Pacific Wharf loomed out of the lashing sheets of rain. This time the Mindanao met her match. After the inevitable collision, she sank.

The wreck

High winds and seas accounted for the wreck of the Canton Wharf, lifting it clear out of its foundation, and throwing it across the road, completely blocking it.

During Wednesday and Thursday, heartrending scenes were witnessed as bodies washed ashore were found and identified by friends or relatives.

One ship the Spanish steamer, Albay, engulfed by the huge waves, lost 80 of its 300 passengers. Another Spanish steamer the Leonor, got into difficulties near the Engine House, and of the 47 souls on board, 36 were saved due to the gallant efforts of an official in the Engine House who took a small boat out in the height of the gale, rescued single-handed six times to the steamer, taking the people back to shore.

Later, the two ships mentioned above, broke anchor and collided close to the shore. The body of the Leonor's captain was unexpectedly found halfway up an alley near Queen's Road.

One of the worst hit buildings on the island, was a Catholic Church, then situated near what is now Caine Road. It was reduced to a ruin.

With the exception of the channel, the altar stood amidst a conglomeration of masonry, stained glass, broken benches and the wreck of the organ.

In the full after the big blow, a group of little children found their way through the wreckage and began to play with the organ-pipes.

The towering chimney of the Hongkong Sugar Company was blown down. Part of the wall was damaged, and water rushed in damaging huge quantities of sugar.

All the houses in Jardines Bazaar, facing Causeway Bay, were blown down. Throughout the Colony, houses were un-

roofed, verandahs blown off, and trees were strewn all over the roads.

Early in its report of the effects of the storm, the Daily Press commented that the Chinese floating population had as usual anticipated the storm. They sought refuge, in vain, at Stonecutters Island. "As all junks and sampans sought refuge there, the loss of life is feared to be very great. Hundreds of boats were wrecked, washed ashore or sunk during the night."

Although the Colony was back to normal about two weeks after the visitation of the typhoon, it was much longer before talk of personal experiences, or individual acts of bravery, were lost as politics in Europe began to change the face of the British outlook in the East.

NEXT WEEK:

The Great Storm

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

I AM asked why a penny dated 1933 (a year in which only six pennies were minted) should be worth £20,000.

The simplest answer is that there must be someone somewhere who is willing to pay £20,000 for a penny. It is an answer that leaves one marveling at the rich variety of life.

I doubt if any bibliophile would offer as much for a first edition of "Romola" with a misplaced comma on page 174.

An Englishman's home

A MAN who lived in a London street excessively popular with traffic complained that he finds it difficult to distinguish the cars parked outside his house from those that are making the necessary contribution to a prolonged jam. As the cars encroach on more and more of the pavement, he finds

egress from his house impossible. Is he entitled to climb over the roofs of cars, in order to make his way out of the street? It seems to be an impasse, as the confectionist said when he tried to thrust both legs into one shirt sleeve.

In darkest Ahalaland

LIKE a man who expects a crocodile to emerge from a swamp in the jungle, and is surprised by a ferret, I stood and stared unbelievably. Out of a West-country collector's office came a Red Indian in war panoply. I expected him to say, as they do on the films, "Um ha," or words to that effect. But he said, "Tell Charles I've gone to the fancy dress ball." "Chief Gurgling Water, him no care twopenny," I replied, making a smoke signal with my cigarette. (London Express Service.)



It's life as you'll love it..

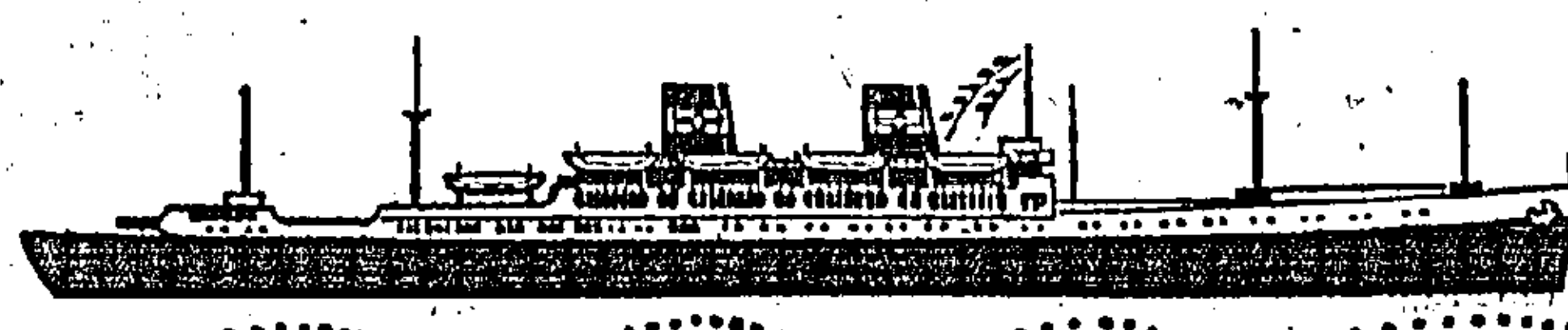
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... and then the heartache ... all London stops to allow the children to leave

(Continued from Page 6)

private letter to Goering from Halifax. It assured Goering of Britain's definite wish to come to an understanding with Germany.

If the British public had known about it at the time, then indeed there might have been panic and certainly anger—at the thought that the Government was once more ready to bow to the Nazis. When Goering got the letter, he bounced with joy. At midnight that night, Hitler himself sent for Birger Dahlerus. He questioned him closely about the mood of the British people.

It was not the end of Birger Dahlerus's strange mission. He made three more journeys between London and Berlin. At a time when all Europe's aeroplanes had been grounded, and a radar screen had been thrown across Britain, he was allowed to come in twice in a German plane.

MYSTERY PLANE ARRIVES AT CROYDON. MESSAGE FROM HITLER? said the headlines in the newspapers. But no one guessed who was aboard it, and, for the second trip, he was routed secretly through Heston.

Dahlerus was a good-hearted lover of peace. But his efforts for peace were not only ineffectual. They created confusion in the British Cabinet. And they convinced the Nazis, particularly Hitler and Goering, that the British were not serious after all. And that, when the time came, they would not go to war in support of their Polish allies.

But, of course, the British public knew nothing of all these last-minute hole-in-the-corner negotiations, and would undoubtedly have been enraged had they done so.

For they were now calmly facing up to certainty of war, and no more muckling about with Hitler.

Buzzards

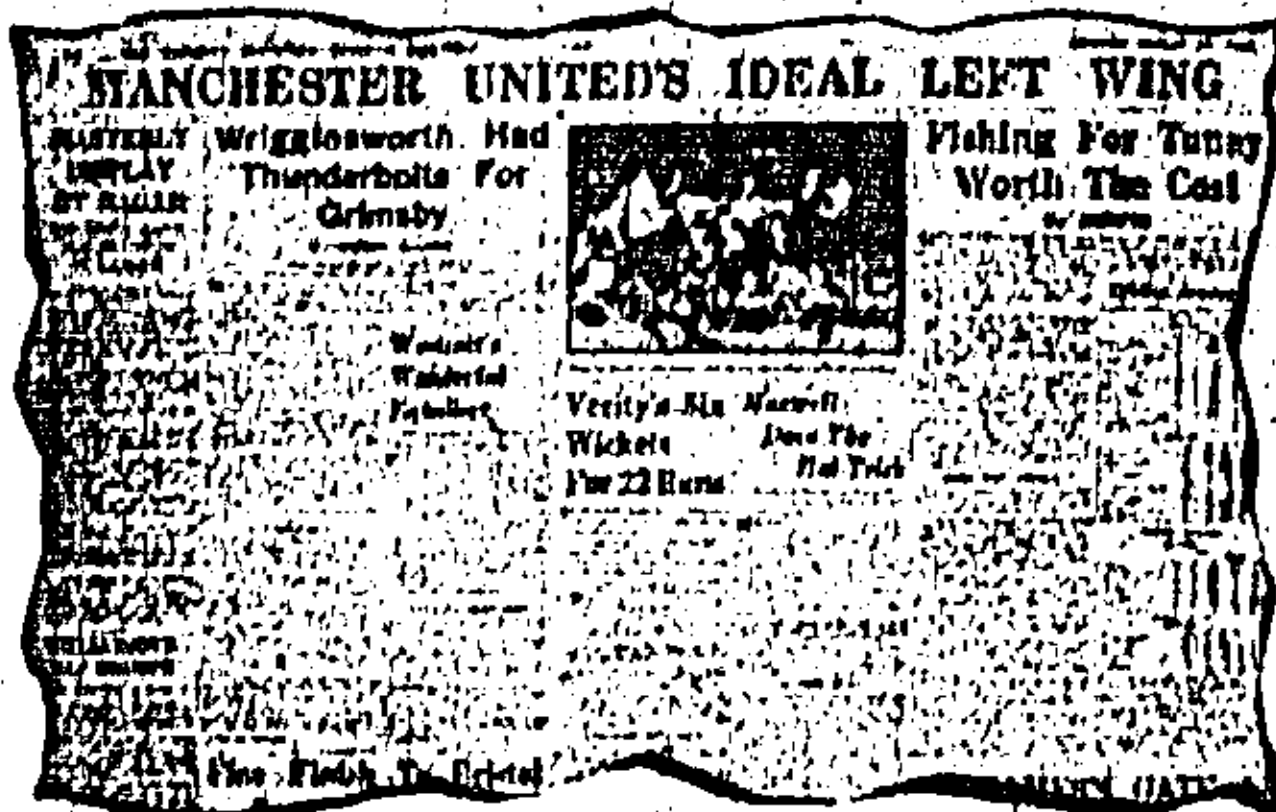
It was typical of the situation that in the village of West Witley, near Godalming, Surrey, that last week-end of peace, the natives were staring apprehensively at dark shapes swooping over their heads.

But it was not Nazi bombers they were worrying about. The target of their irritation was the action of a local landlord, Mr David Leigh, in bringing a flock of buzzards down to his estate "to kill off the rabbits."

Said a spokesman for the villagers: "They're much more likely to peck out the eyes of our babies while our wives are at war work. And they were petitioning Surrey County Council to have the buzzards grounded for the duration."

A housewife named Mrs Celia Dale probably summed up the mood of the nation when she said:—

"As I came out of work this morning a large barrage balloon tethered close by the end of my road dipped its snout at me. They've got men standing by ready to operate the blackout. Until the Government told us to stop hoarding yesterday, I've been spending all my extra money on groceries. Yet somehow I'm not worried. You remember those awful days in the crisis of September 1938, when each piece of news made your heart sink a little further; when the ugliest buildings in the street seemed dear; when I



STILL WE PLAYED ON...

REMEMBER that the football season opened as usual?

'At last we have regained our courage'

could hardly bear my husband's out of my sight, so frightened was I that I should soon have his company no longer. We were afraid and we showed it. But now things are different. We've regained our courage."

The pilot

At Hornchurch, in Essex, the Spitfires and their pilots were standing-to. But one young fighter-pilot, looked at them scornfully, for the possibility seemed strong that, if war came, he would be taking no part in the fight in the air.

He was on the sick list, and the chances were that he would stay there for the duration.

Three months before, the young flight lieutenant, a New Zealander named Deere, had taken his Spitfire up above the Thames estuary on a practice patrol. The oxygen system used at the time in fighter planes required the pilot to increase the flow every five thousand feet.

This time Deere forgot. His oxygen supply was set for five thousand feet, and when his plane reached 27,000 feet, after a steep climb, he blacked-out. By the time he regained consciousness, his Spitfire had turned over on its back and was diving straight for the sea. He pulled hard at the controls, desperately trying to bring the plane out of its dive; and as he did so, he was aware of a terrible pain in his head. At last he levelled out and brought the Spitfire back to Horn-

church, after which he collapsed. He had burst his eardrum.

Flight-Lieutenant Deere spent the crisis week-end of August 1939, bumping sandbags and belching civilian workers to build dispersal pens around the Spitfires parked over the airfield. He was also worried about his forthcoming medical. Would the doctors pass him for operations?

They looked him over. Heart good. Blood count, too. General condition perfect. But when they came to the ear, the flight-lieutenant could see the doubt begin to loom in the specialist's eyes.

"Sear's healed all right," he said. "But I don't know. A sudden steep dive and—well, anything could happen."

My skill

Deere said in desperation: "Look, doc, what does it matter? If I get into a dog-fight with a Hun, I'm not going to shoot him down with my car. It's my eyes, my brain, and my skill that will matter. I could be stone deaf and still fight him. Don't ground me, for God's sake, doc."

The specialist paused, and then nodded his head. "Okey," he said. "But the moment anything, and I mean anything, goes wrong with that ear, you come and tell me."

"But of course, doc," said the jubilant Deere, and rushed out to tell his pals the news. He had carefully concealed from



REMEMBER: "My patience almost exhausted"?

the specialist the fact that he had already been up in a Spitfire to test his wonky ear. When he climbed the plane or dived it swiftly, the ear clogged—and ached.

Not that it seemed to make much difference to his future career. For in the Battle of Britain that was to come a few months later, Flight-Lieutenant Alan C. Deere—known to some of his ground crew as Old Ear—achieved a record. His total score was 22 enemy aircraft destroyed, 10 probables, and 18 damaged.

By the end of the war, he had also collected for himself the D.S.O. and the D.F.C.

No fuss

With a remarkable lack of fuss or excitement, Britain was moving on to a war basis. True, normal life went on side by side with the military. In Brighton, Noel Gray's new show, "Run, Rabbit, Run," was a smash hit, with Bud Flanagan in the leading role.

In Bristol, two great musical stars of the day, Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale, had sunk all their savings in a new show. They had chosen a prophetic title, for they called it "I Can Take It." London never had a chance to see it, for it closed with the outbreak of war, bringing the two stars to the verge of bankruptcy.

There was an all-important meeting of the Football League, not to discuss the war but to

argue about glands. Some clubs had been experimenting with glandular treatment for their players, and were now trying to make it compulsory.

The big question was: Should a star player be forced to take the treatment against his will? The Football League decided that it must remain entirely voluntary until further information was forthcoming about its long-term effects.

A complex

In Aston Abbotts, near Aylesbury, a crowd gathered over the crisis week-end to greet not an A.R.P. parade but a cow named Fanny. Fanny had just won the championship as the best milk-giving Jersey cow in Britain—and what made her extra-special was the fact that she had done it thanks to psychi-

chiatry. "A year ago," said her herdsman, Malcolm Brubury, "Fanny had a terrible inferiority complex. She only gave 300 gallons of milk a year. So I decided to psycho-analyse her."

"You see, the ordinary cow is more like a human being than a monkey is. Fanny felt neglected. She didn't like mechanical milkers. I put her in a shed by herself, hand-milked her, groomed her, spoke gently to her and gave her special food."

"I sucked one of the cowmen because he was too harsh-voiced and disturbed her. Fanny perked up wonderfully. And now look at her—2,000 gallons of milk this year, and the medal

for the best milker in the show."

But also by side with these indications that England was still England, the nation was quietly getting into a fighting position.

Around a pool in the grounds of a Hampshire mansion, where the millionaire owner would normally have been frolicking with his debilitated guests, typists from Lombard Street were taking dictation from the boss. The mansion was the new "emergency" headquarters of a famous City bank. A sign on the diving board said: "No bathing between nine and five."

Lunacy...

The B.B.C. too was moving its staff out of London.

With what can only be described as inspired lunacy, the regular members of the Variety Department were shipped to the storm, Nonconformist town of Bangor, in North Wales. They stood out from the natives like a handful of sore thumbs, especially when they discovered that the town, including all the pubs, shut up tight on Sundays.

It was in Bangor, later on, that comedian Jack Train, wandering on a Sunday through the all-dry town, was beckoned into a back parlour by one of Bangor's citizens and asked to take a glass of beer.

"I don't mind if I do," said the thirsty Train, gratefully, and out of this incident his famous character, Colonel Chinstrap, the ever-thirsty warrior, was born.

No order

The evacuation was on for hundreds of big firms in London and the other great cities of Britain. The idea was to get them out as quickly and as quietly as possible before war and the Nazi bombers came.

Aboard British ships at sea, the captains were now under the control of the Admiralty. Tourists aboard the P & O liner Strathmore, settling down to a Mediterranean cruise, woke up to find themselves on their way to Bermuda. All other British cruise liners were making it at full speed back to Britain.

Amid all these emergency moves, one element in the nation remained static: the children, although evacuation plans for them had been made months ago.

New Herbert Morrison, M.P., the leader of the L.C.C., the lives of 2,000,000 London children to worry about, reportedly told Whitehall: "We must get the children out."

But the Government would not give the order for them to go.

Morrison ordered the children to report to their schools, ready for evacuation. With their gas-masks. (Small Children's Size) over their shoulders, they streamed into the classrooms in Peckham, Litchfield, Kenning-

ton, Hamstead and Putney. Most of their mothers came with them, hovering anxiously over them, trying desperately not to cry.

And all day, throughout August 29, the children waited. "What's gone wrong?" asked the parents. "Why don't they get the kids away?"

Morrison was at 10, Downing Street trying to find the answer to the same question. To Sir Horace Wilson, the Prime Minister's chief adviser, he stressed the urgency of the situation.

Responsible

"Terror," he said. "That's the Nazi technique. They go for the children first, knowing that if the parents are worried about their youngsters they'll lose the will to fight. That's what we've got to avoid. We've got to move the children out of London to safety—so that the mothers won't have to worry about them and can get on with the job."

But Sir Horace and his chief would not give the order. What Morrison did not know was that the mystery Swede, Birger Dahlerus, was really responsible for the delay. He had persuaded Chamberlain and Wilson that there was still hope of doing a deal with Hitler.

And in Downing Street, the way the minds were working was this: "There is still a slender hope of saving the peace. Hitler may still agree to talk. At all costs we mustn't upset him now. And he may be upset if he hears that we are evacuating the children. He will think that we are determined on war, anyway."

It was muddled thinking of the worst kind. But it kept 2,000,000 children in London chained to the capital for nearly three days. They sat in their schools throughout August 29, and then were sent home again.

They came again on August 30, and still they waited. The mothers were growing fearful now. The nerves of the teachers were shredded. And the children were beginning to look for trouble.

Message

It was not until that night, when even the sanguine mind of Neville Chamberlain could no longer contemplate snatching peace out of the mounting flames, that Morrison got the order to let the children go.

On August 31, 1939, the people of London witnessed a spectacle that, one hopes, no other generation will ever have to see.

Trains and bus services were cancelled. Roads were closed. As parents and relatives lined the pavements, the children filed out of the schools and climbed aboard the buses that were to take them to the safety of the country.

Few people cried. The children, now the signal had been given, were in high spirits.

But as the buses moved off towards the suburbs, something seemed to clutch the heart of every man and woman who watched them going, and wondered whether they would ever see them back.

To the people of London came a message from Herbert Morrison. It was a masterpiece of cool, calm, unemotional prose that exactly fitted the mood and the moment.

"To the Children: With your teachers and friendly helpers, you are going to the country, where the Government considers you will be safer than in London. It was should come, I want you to be cheerful and friendly on the journey and when you get to the other end."

"To Parents: I know you will have anxieties at this trying time. I understand your feelings. You will be cheered by the knowledge that it is better for the children to be out of London as things are. Keep all others: Keep calm. Keep cheerful. Britain smiles on your lips. Don't get nervous. Remember there are others actively engaged in the service of our country whose troubles may be much graver. Smile, smile, smile."

But in the childless capital of the British Empire that night it was hard to smile. London seemed strangely quiet. The cries of 2,000,000 children, the shouting and the laughing, had disappeared from the great city's streets.

At last...

At dawn on Friday, September 1, 1939, Nazi troops crossed the frontiers of East Prussia into Poland. Hermann Goering gave the order, and the bombers of the Luftwaffe went out to bomb Warsaw into submission.

It had come at last. Britain and France were pledged by treaty to come at once to the aid of their ally.

The eyes of the nation and of the Empire turned towards Downing Street as they waited for the declaration of war.

But it did not come. Danzig fell into Nazi hands. The Nazi armies began to roll back the Poles. In Warsaw the cries of the dying rose as Nazi bombs crashed upon the city.

Said no word from Downing Street. September 1 came and went. It was Saturday now.

When night came, and there was still no declaration, people for the first time became restless and uneasy. Was Britain going to break its word? Were we going to renege on our promise to Poland?

Everyone began to ask: "Has something gone wrong?" It had indeed. And there was something like panic in Downing Street.

(London Express Service).

NEXT WEEK:

The anxious wait



JUST AN OLD INDIAN CUSTOM

JUST AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM

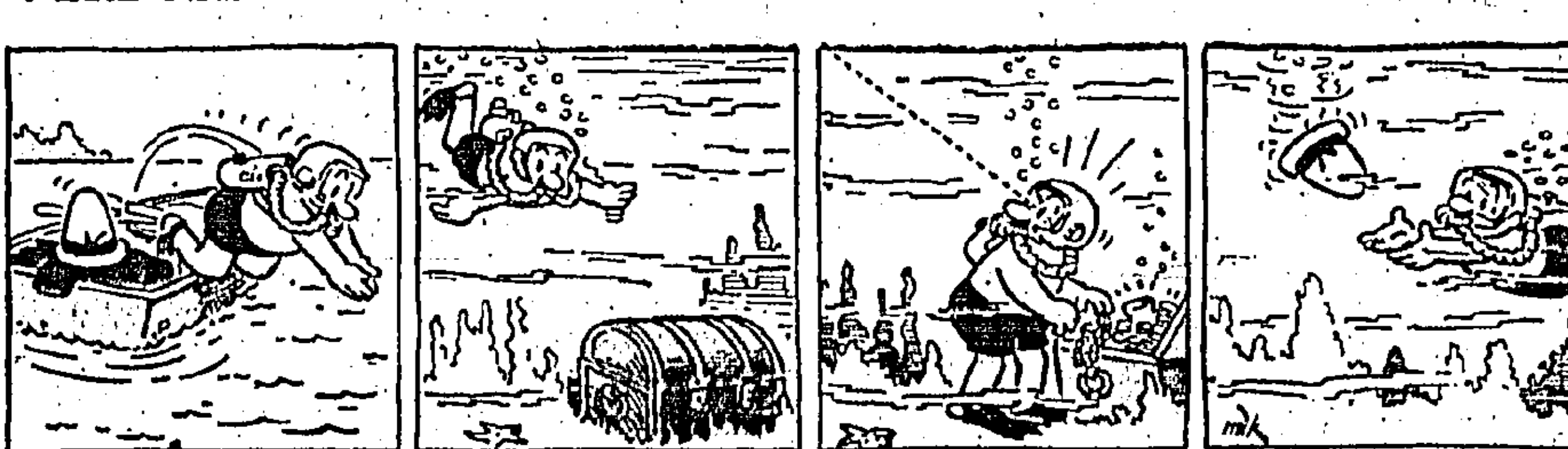
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FOUR D. JONES...



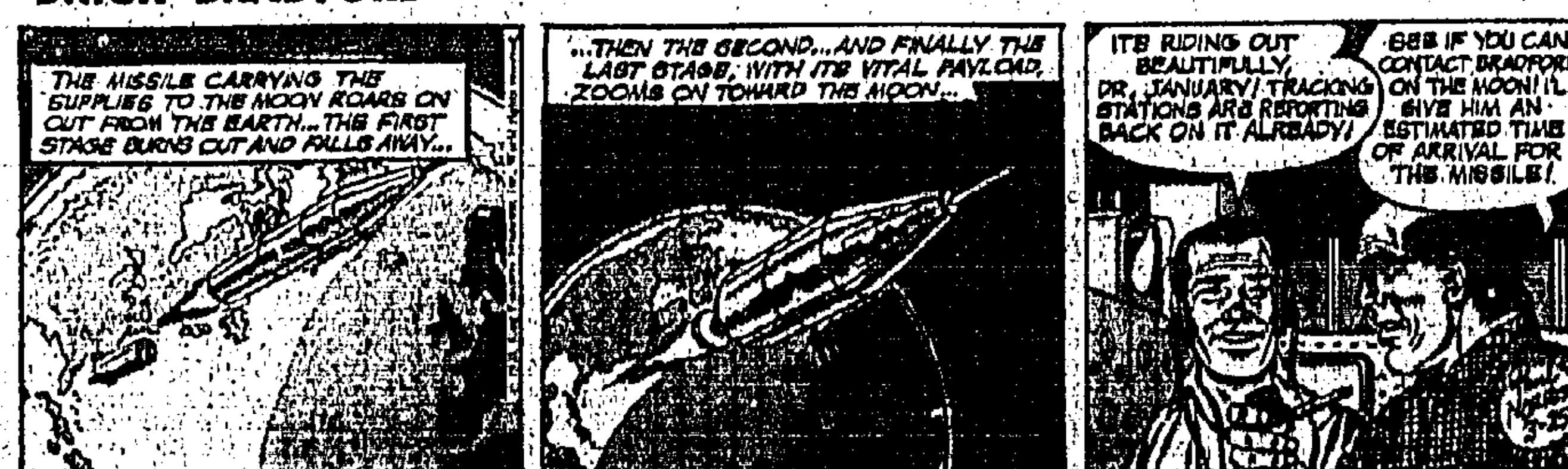
by MADDOCKS

FERD'NAND




By Mik

BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris





LE VALLON ROSÉ

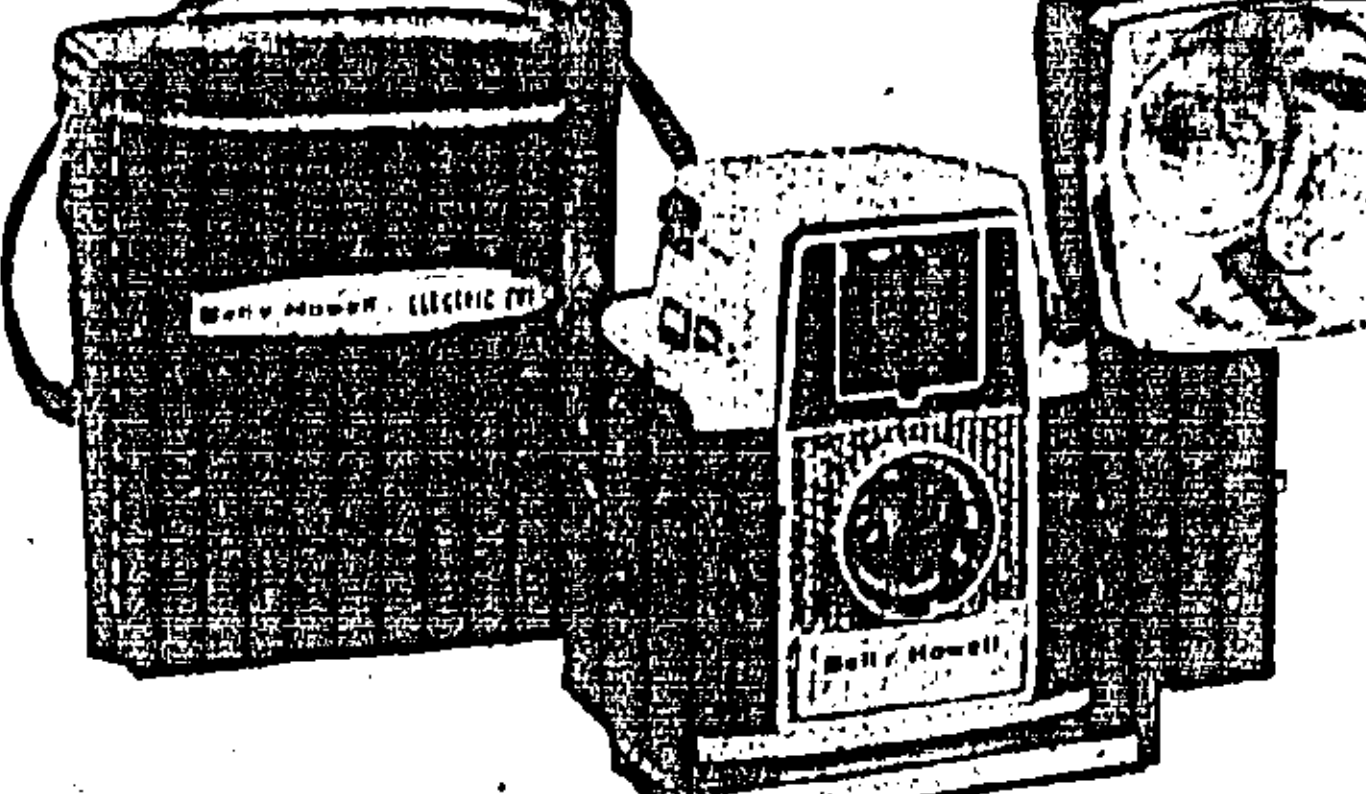
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ARE THE GOSPELS REALLY TRUE? PART FOUR

A scrap of paper upsets the critics

JUST outside Nazareth a small Arab boy had spat with copious accuracy at our car's Jewish wind-screen. The town itself was filled with his fellow-nationals, but in the cool of approaching evening it was still a place which invited you to stop, quite apart from its associations.

The view across the valley was beautiful, the Franciscan church and chapels were tasteful. But I found nothing on the site to recall the Holy Family.

Even our obliging guide did not venture to point out the original carpenter's shop. All that remained was a cave-cellar in the grey rock, with no traces of the trade piled there.

It struck me that this was as it should be. The Founder of Christianity is not, after all, portrayed in the Gospels doing carpentry. His life as a manual worker is barely mentioned. He is a classless figure.

A few yards down the street I came face to face with another world power and a contrasting ideal. Over a shop-front was the sign:

WORKERS' BANK.

For in the home town of Jesus, the Communist Party dominates local affairs.

Nazareth is an Arab centre annexed by the Israelis during their war of independence. It clings to the side of a steep hill. Higher up than the older quarters is a brash Jewish housing development, built, say the Arabs, to overawe them. Communism thrives by exploiting such feelings.

Parallels are drawn sometimes between the Communist Party and the Church. Those who draw them seldom have any inside knowledge of either. But one real likeness is worth pausing over, because it helps to clear away a very common misunderstanding about the Gospels and the New Testament.

"Scriptures"

Communism has its "scriptures"—Marx, Lenin, and so forth—but essentially it is a creed taught and practised by the Communist Party. It is an affair of people, not books.

In the same way, the early Christian religion was not an abstract dogma distilled from the Bible. It was the way of life taught and practised by the Church. To this extent, it was, like Communism, an affair of people, not books.

Greener Grass

London. HOW true it is, that old adage about the grass always being greener on the other side of the fence.

Here in Britain we are gradually transforming our towns and villages and suburbs into sleek, American-style places.

Inevitable victims of this process have been the old-fashioned gas street lamps beloved of those film-makers who specialise in Victorian thrillers (remember successes like "Gaslight" and "Fanny by Gaslight"). They have given way to light efficient, but completely unimaginative concrete monstrosities.

But if we are prepared to throw our old lamps on to the scrap heap, it seems there are Americans willing to rescue and cherish them.

Miners from around Fort Worth, Texas, are in the market for these relics which they are erecting in what must be a highly incongruous "English" village back home.

—Peter Burgoyne

What mattered to an early Christian was the group of eyewitnesses and inspired teachers. The Apostles who had known the Lord, their followers and helpers and friends... Peter, John, Paul, Mark, Luke, and others like them.

These were the authorities, the guardians of a well-kept tradition.

No Proof?

Let us look at the men who wrote the Gospels. Who were they? How reliable was this Apostolic tradition they drew on? And above all when did they write?

The last question is, in a way, the most important of all. The date of the Gospels is the key-stone of the arch. If they are not the work of first-century authors, but of forgers many years later, then no amount of incidental support can make them look trustworthy, because they are too remote from the events and fundamentally bogus.

Realising this, the critics of Christianity in our great-grandparents' day concentrated their fire on the date problem. They stressed that we had no original manuscript, and said there was no proof that first-century originals ever existed.

For a while it looked to many as if they had carried their point, and the Gospels had really been exposed as fabrications.

Little by little, however, it turned out that the point had not been carried. The twentieth century has been a time of continuous retreat by the critics.

But the critics' WHEN? question can still usefully be asked. As a step towards answering it, consider St John, and follow a strange thread that leads from Galilee to Manchester.

John, a fisherman, appears in the Gospels as fiery and impatient, with a deep personal attachment to Jesus. He lived on till nearly A.D. 100.

According to tradition, the Fourth Gospel is a collection of sayings and reminiscences dictated in old age and put together by a friend.

It's Enough

This Gospel does differ a good deal from the others, and does look as if it were later. For many years it was the trump card of sceptics. It "could not have been written by John"...

They were wrong. In the John Rylands Library at Manchester is a scrap of papyrus dating from the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, perhaps as early as A.D. 120. On it is part of the eighteenth chapter of the Fourth Gospel.

This trail shreds of matter is enough in itself to upset every attack on the Gospel's authenticity.

If St John's Gospel was known and copied so early there is no reason why it should not actually be his work.

If "John" was written towards the turn of the first century, then "Matthew," "Mark," and "Luke," which are earlier, were written well back in the same century.

And if they were, then there is no reason why they should not have been written by Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

And whether they were or not, they were written when eyewitnesses were still alive and available; when the records of the young Church were intact; when no major heretic had yet stirred up confusion.

It is now held generally that Mark was written not later than A.D. 68; Matthew and Luke not later than 85; John not later than 100.

There is, of course, other evidence besides that papyrus. Quotations from the Gospels have been identified in other books which are known to be early, so that the Gospels themselves must be even earlier.

Complete manuscript copies exist going back much further in time than the oldest copies of most other ancient books, and there is no trace at any stage of serious tampering.

The Codex Sinaiticus in the British Museum, which cost the Government £200,000, carries us back a long way. Yet other texts carry us back further still, centuries further, clear across the Dark Ages into the late sunshine of the Roman Empire—and always the story is the same.

The Words

What about the quality of the information? John, to begin with, gives us the words of an Apostle, one of the closest to Jesus of the Twelve. We could hardly ask for more. However, we get more. The next figure who needs looking at is a surprising one—Peter.

The chief of the Apostles, Peter governed the Church from A.D. 30, and later from Rome, where he was crucified upside down by Emperor Nero. In the course of his travels he acquired an interpreter named Mark, and this interpreter wrote the Second Gospel. It is almost certainly a collection of stories told by Peter.

So Mark takes us close to the very fountainhead, to the chief of the Apostles himself. In effect his Gospel is St Peter's Gospel. We could hardly hope to get nearer the source than that. Mark's Gospel is the oldest, and Matthew and Luke copy from it.

Luke's case is interesting. He was a Gentile doctor and a follower of St Paul, and he wrote the Acts. He approaches his task in a Greek rather than a Jewish spirit, imitating the methods of the Greek historians, and quoting dates, places, and names to put his story in its historical setting.

No Real Gap

Most convincing of all, perhaps, is the way he gives his characters their correct titles. Thus: "In the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Caesar, Pontius Pilate being governor of Judaea, and Herod being tetrarch of Galilee, and his brother Philip tetrarch of Iturdeea, and of the region of Trachonitis, and Lybanus the tetrarch of Abilene, Annas and Caiaphas being the high priests..."

Because Luke does this kind of thing, we can check what he says from other, non-Christian historians. And he seems to be always right. He knows when each emperor reigned; he knows governors' terms of office; he refers to political events and local customs and famous buildings with steady accuracy.

Sir William Ramsay, a leading authority on the period, once set out to prove that

much of the writing attributed to Luke was not really his.

He ended by owning his belief that the Gospel and Acts were genuine and that Luke was reliable. More than reliable, said Sir William: He was one of the finest ancient historians of all, a rival of Tacitus and Thucydides.

Dr Albert Schweitzer, too, after long probing of the evidence, has declared that we know more about Jesus—in a factual, historical sense—than about almost any other figure of the first century.

There is no real gap at all, no room for the growth of falsification. So long as they lived, the Apostles were desperately careful that the sacred tradition should be kept pure.

The Last Act

When we turn to the last act of the drama, as it is played out in Jerusalem, that integrity of theirs can almost be felt.

On their own showing, it seems, they failed to understand what was happening, and ignominiously deserted their Master. If they had ever altered the story, or allowed anyone else to do so, the result would surely have been more creditable to them. I conclude that they did not alter it, and that the Gospels pass it on unimpaired.

The last act of the drama. Sooner or later, one must face south again from Galilee to Jerusalem. From green fields and kindly waters to Old Testament deserts, to dusty scorching hills, to the crowds and clamours of a walled city which was tense 19 centuries ago and is tense today. There lies the centre of the maze.

—(London Express Service).

H. K. S. P. C.

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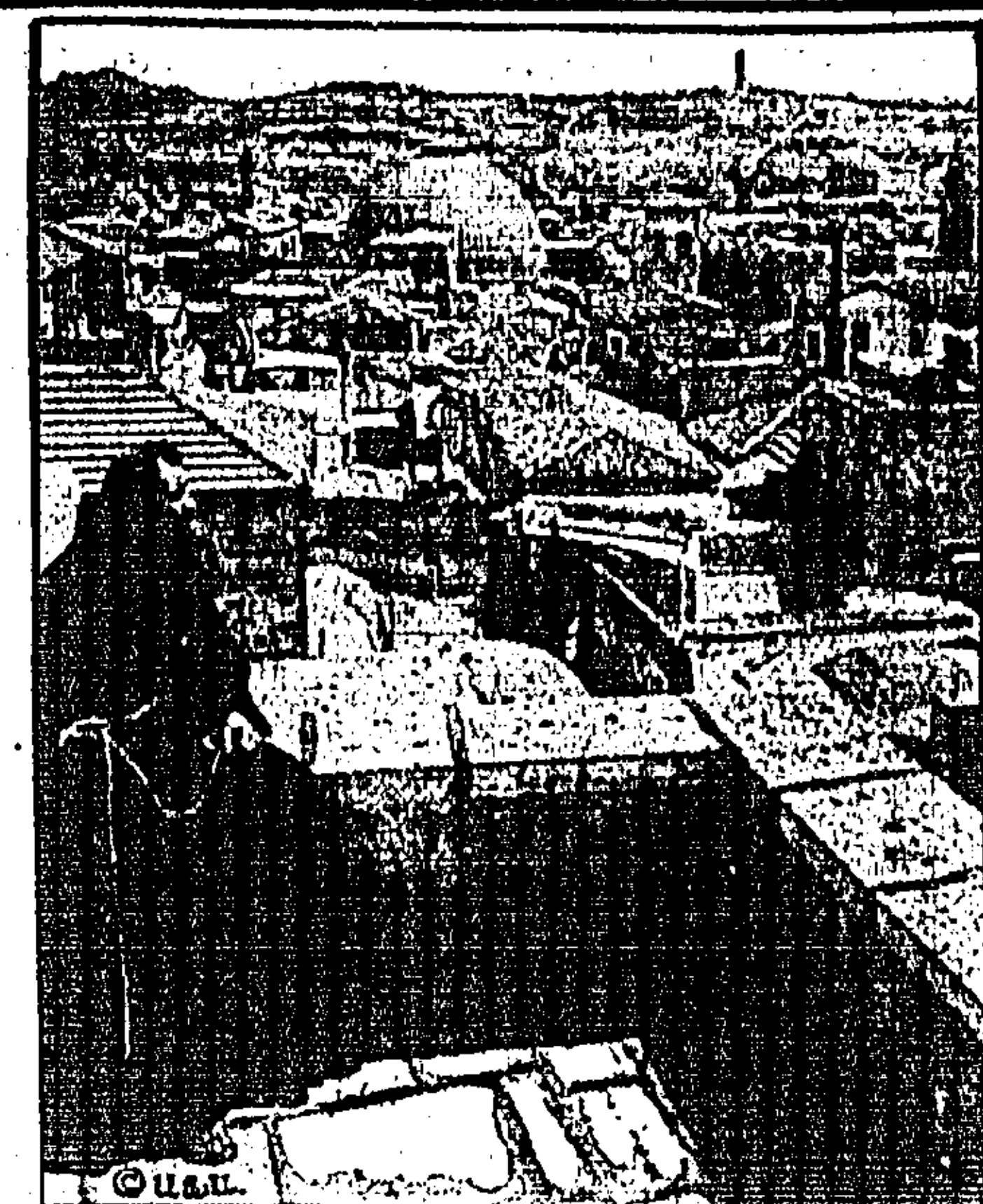
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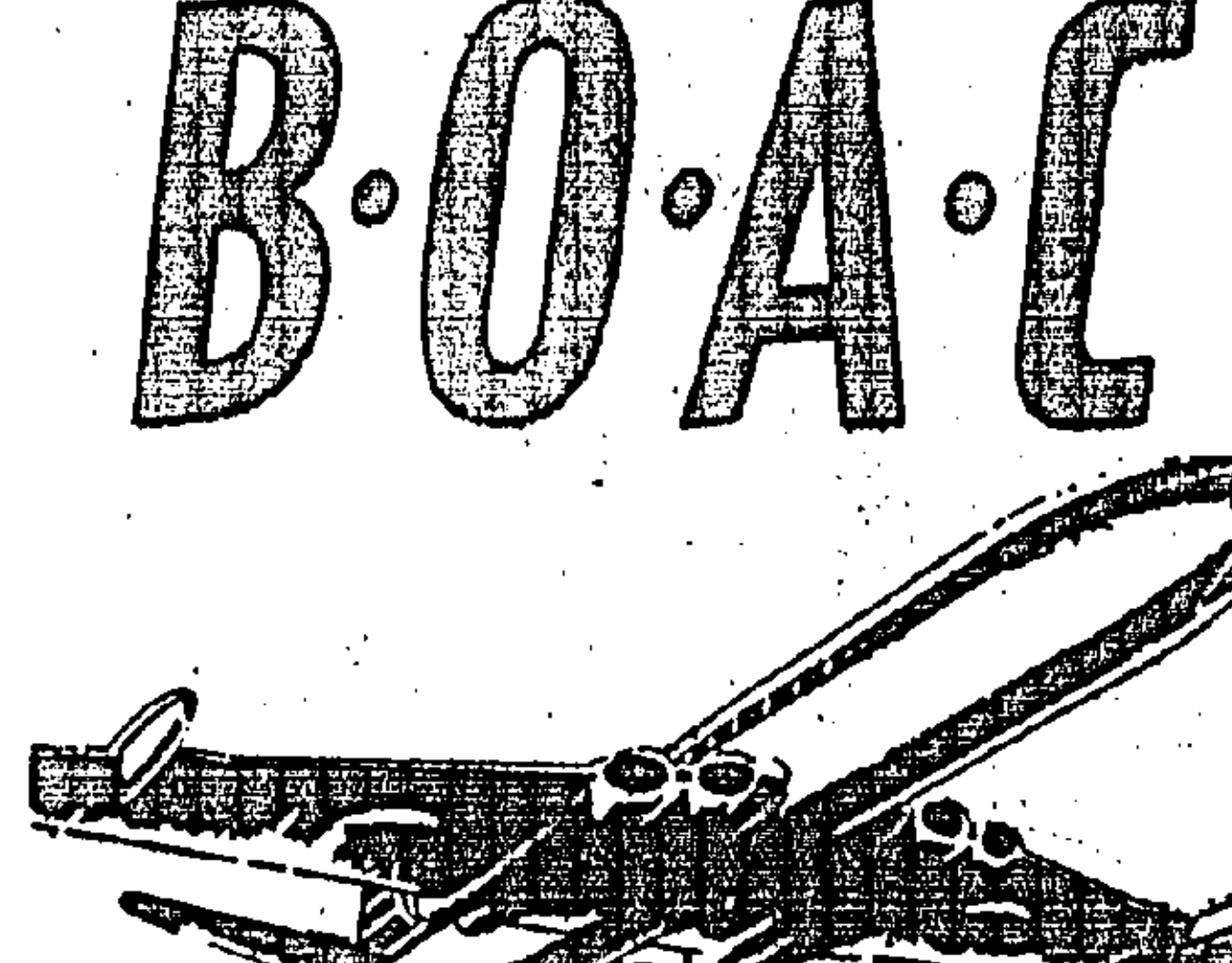
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

QUIET FASHION IS THE HALLMARK OF KATJA AND RICCI

"PARIS Trend" is a form of fashion magic. This is a success scheme which began growing steadily in 1954, and whose ultimate development is still not fully exploited. But to you and me it means Paris-inspired clothes which we can really afford.

The Paris salon of NINA RICCI has always been quiet and modest—in fact, shy of publicity. It has always concerned itself with the discriminating woman and buyer, and has never sought sensation.

Nevertheless, without seeking the limelight, this season the names of NINA RICCI and

the head designer JULES-FRANÇOIS CRAHAY are upon everyone's lips. At the last collection, they made Press headlines. The clothes were hailed enthusiastically as the first real fashion news for a long time.

One person was not surprised by this fortune. She is MRS. M. G. GERDES, Fashion Director of Bon Marche, Liverpool. For many years she has held the highest opinion of clothes from this French House, and in 1954 she first launched the "Paris Trend" fashion scheme, destined to bring Nina Ricci inspired clothes within reach of every woman. This was a far from simple task.

by Patricia Douglas

Years before this, Mrs Gerdes had worked in co-operation with a number of French couturiers—among them Nina Ricci. And it was in this particular salon that she found clothes which were wearable, interesting and beautifully made. She found the directors co-operative and understanding of the ordinary woman's needs, and she decided then to expand a growing success. It is a testimony to all concerned, that this is the only effort of its kind to

have survived so long, and, indeed, to have expanded over the years.

Today, Paris Trend is a complete collection inspired by Nina Ricci and manufactured by leading London wholesalers. (A real entente cordiale!) To make certain that the true spirit of the original models is retained in full essence, Nina Ricci's designer, M. Crahay, comes over regularly to inspect the Paris Trend models. Each and every de-

tail is checked for style workmanship, finish and, above all, to ensure that no "alien" detail has crept in inadvertently. The garment must be technically worthy of its label, for one of M. Crahay's greatest gifts, thinks Mrs Gerdes, is his "completeness" as a designer. He not only envisages style and line, but is a true technician and perfectionist.

No Flash

"His talent is no flash in the pan", says Mrs Gerdes, "but a constantly matured". This foresight led her to sponsor Nina Ricci clothes long before the current Press ovation.

Perhaps timing is one of the greatest factors in this mystery of fashion. Dior had designing genius, but he felt the mood of the feminine world—especially when he launched the New Look after years of austerity clothes.

This season the world was tired of sacks, chemises and Empire lines. The mood was weary and uncertain. And into this Jules-François Crahay launched—gave back to us—the first curves we have had for a long time. His rounded lines, cinched waists, cape collars and belted skirts were all seized upon. So were "girmanches" such as the long belted bush jacket similar to the one worn by the Australians.

But the real force of his designs may not be seen until next autumn, and many will not be fully accepted by the public until some months after that. In his collection there was a strong hint of things to come—the return of a more tailored silhouette, with a longer jacket, long slim revers and even a masculine fastening of three buttons with one left undone. After so many seasons of dressmaker suits we may be about to return to the classic tailored suit beloved by English women, but this time with a new silhouette.

Meanwhile in the Paris Trend current collection, Spring suits are delightfully wearable. "Worsted cord", says Selfridges suit buyer, "has been a big success. So have worsted boucles and the very light tweeds." One very lovely fabric used for the suit illustrated is a fine wool and lambswool with a herringbone design. Coats are in curly worsted boucle. M. Crahay has a particular weakness for worsted Glen checks, dogtooths and puppy toots.

The Paris Trend collection runs from about 8½ gns. for a dress, slowly climbing upwards to about £35 for a really fabulous evening gown. A suit or coat, completely faithful to its Paris inspiration and approved by its designer, costs no more than any other garment of average price.

An Individual Designer

A complete individualist, who does not believe in adaptations or copies, is KATJA OF SWEDEN. She has just shown her collection in London for the first time.

Katja—in private life Mrs Gelger, and wife of the producer of the famous film, "Open City"—has been brought up in the world of art. From her earliest childhood, she learned to understand art and, above all, form and shape from her father, who was a famous ceramic designer. At 16, she went to New York to study and through the years she has learned to apply to textiles and fashion the same uncluttered, lovely lines which we see in Scandinavian silverware, pottery and furniture.

Katja, a beautiful blonde, loathes extreme clothes. "A woman should not be remembered for her clothes," she says, "but the garment should express her personality." Dressed in a lovely worn blonde wool suit, Katja was completely "tricked up"—nevertheless, by her own designs.



Left: Handwoven wool easy-fit suit in dark green with novelty white band repeated on matching wool hat and handbag. Shoes, too, are Katja of Sweden's own design.

Centre: Lounge suit in shades of burned orange loose weave wool—again by Katja. The top has loose cow neck line. Pants are sleek and slim and worn with white calf boots buckled in gold.

Lower left: A more formal dress by Katja in red wool jersey with low back neckline. It is an adaptable wraparound giving shape to the midriff. A matching hat, with self flower can be worn with this chic dress.

Paris Trend clothes inspired by Nina Ricci show (top right) a beautiful Spring suit in 100 per cent worsted wool cord. The jacket has intricate channel seaming and a petal hemline. Price about 17 gns.

Below: A new, near-straight jacketed suit in lambswool herringbone. This lovely suit with tie front, low-lying neckline and ¾ sleeves comes in a variety of gentle colours with white and costs only 12½ gns.

LADY LUCK

your CHINA MAIL horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): An interesting stranger will stimulate you to be more than usually eloquent and witty.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Although you have made no definite plans, this will turn out to be an exciting day for you.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Social activity may be demanding too much of your time. Select only those contacts which you consider worth while.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Your inclination to have only a few chosen friends may be depriving you of a great many joys.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A pleasurable outing will bring you in contact with some delightful people.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): There is an opportunity for you to enjoy the limelight for a deed well done.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Your holiday plans ought to be formulated soon and detailed arrangements made.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Do not give in to the depressing thoughts which have made you poor company of late.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): A difficult situation may develop which can easily be solved by a little good will on both sides.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): There may be a good chance of your inheriting a tidy sum and enjoying its benefits for a long time to come.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): Your estimate of a person dear to you may unfortunately prove wrong.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Owing to false pride you are tending to avoid the company of your friends; you can easily remedy this state of affairs.

YOUR LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If this is your birthday, a meeting with a man named KENNETH may have some very significance.

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ABOVE: Major B. C. Field, Deputy Chief Warden, C.A.S., is greeted by Deputy Zone Warden L. C. Lam (left) during a C.A.S. kit parade held at King George V Memorial Park this week.



ABOVE: A fascinated youngster peeps through a telescope during a party on board the USS Union for children of the Hongkong Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association.



ABOVE: At the Hongkong Tours and CPAL cocktails for a party of Canadian women tourists to Hongkong (l-r), Mr Forsyth Smith, Miss Dinna Michener, Mrs Jean Casselman, Miss M. Aitken, Mr and Mrs Kolding and Mr F. Clamo.

RIGHT: Mr C.B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government, waves goodbye to villagers after his visit to Hongkong's most remote island — Peng Chau, in Mira Bay — just a mile away from Mainland China.



ABOVE: "Scamp" Carl Myatt pirouettes gracefully on reaching first base during the annual softball match between the S.C.M. Post and Hongkong Standard on Sunday. He was called out, but the Post's "Scamps" went on to trounce the Standard's "Tigers" 6-1.



ABOVE: Seen at the Lee Clansmen's Association dinner for Mr R. C. Lee held at the Kin Kwok Restaurant last week (l-r): Mr K. P. Lee and R. C. Lee.



ABOVE: Scene of the yoga demonstration during the Divine Life Society's anniversary dinner held at the Queen's College this week.



ABOVE: Three pretty Japanese film actresses here to shoot a film and for personal appearances at a "Japanese Film Festival" in Hongkong, are (l-r) Miss M. Shigeyama, R. Dan and S. Nakajima.



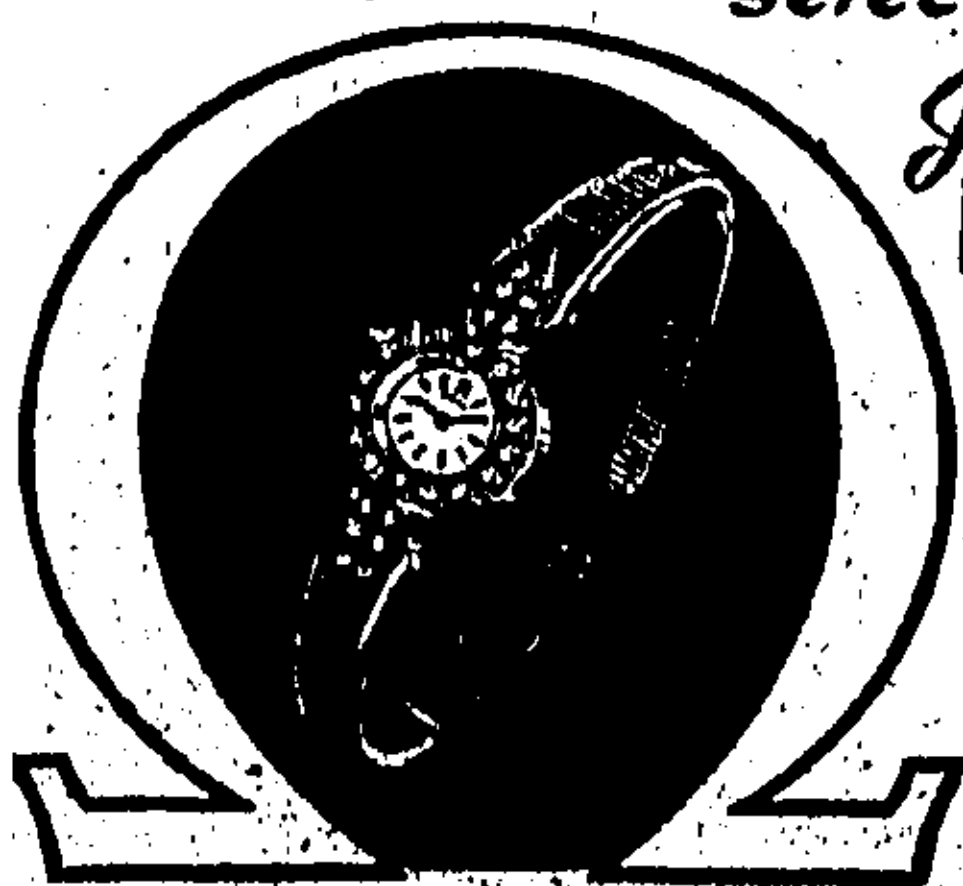
ABOVE: Mr C. B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government seen during his visit to Kowloon resettlement areas this week. Pictured (l-r) are Mr Peter Cheng, Mr K. C. Tsang, Mr G. Barnes, Mr Burgess, Lord Lambton (Jury MP who was visiting Hongkong) and Mr J. P. Asserappa.



LEFT: Mrs P.G.M. Sedgwick presents a souvenir to Miss Wong Yee-min after a charity performance of a Chinese opera given at the Lee Theatre by the Women's Welfare Club, West, last week.

OMEGA

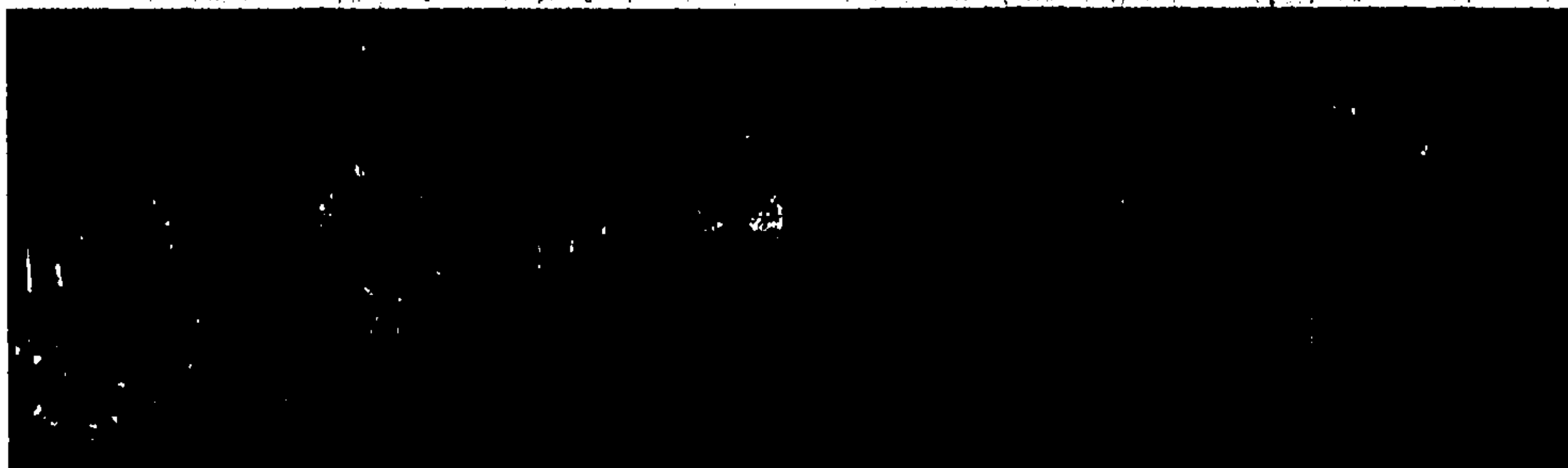
There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies



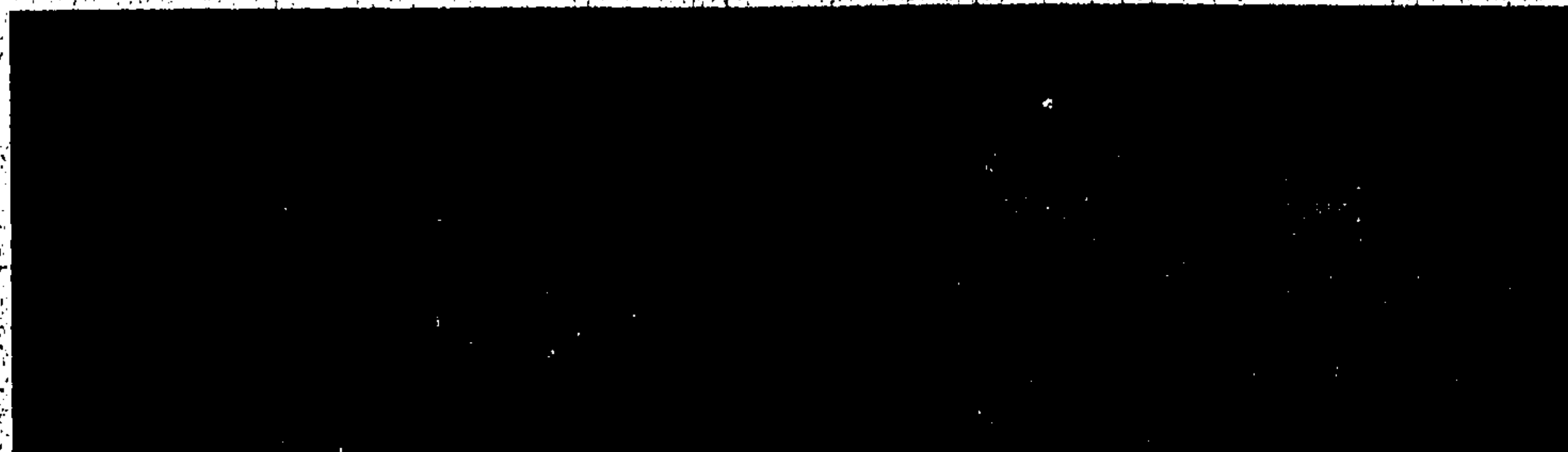
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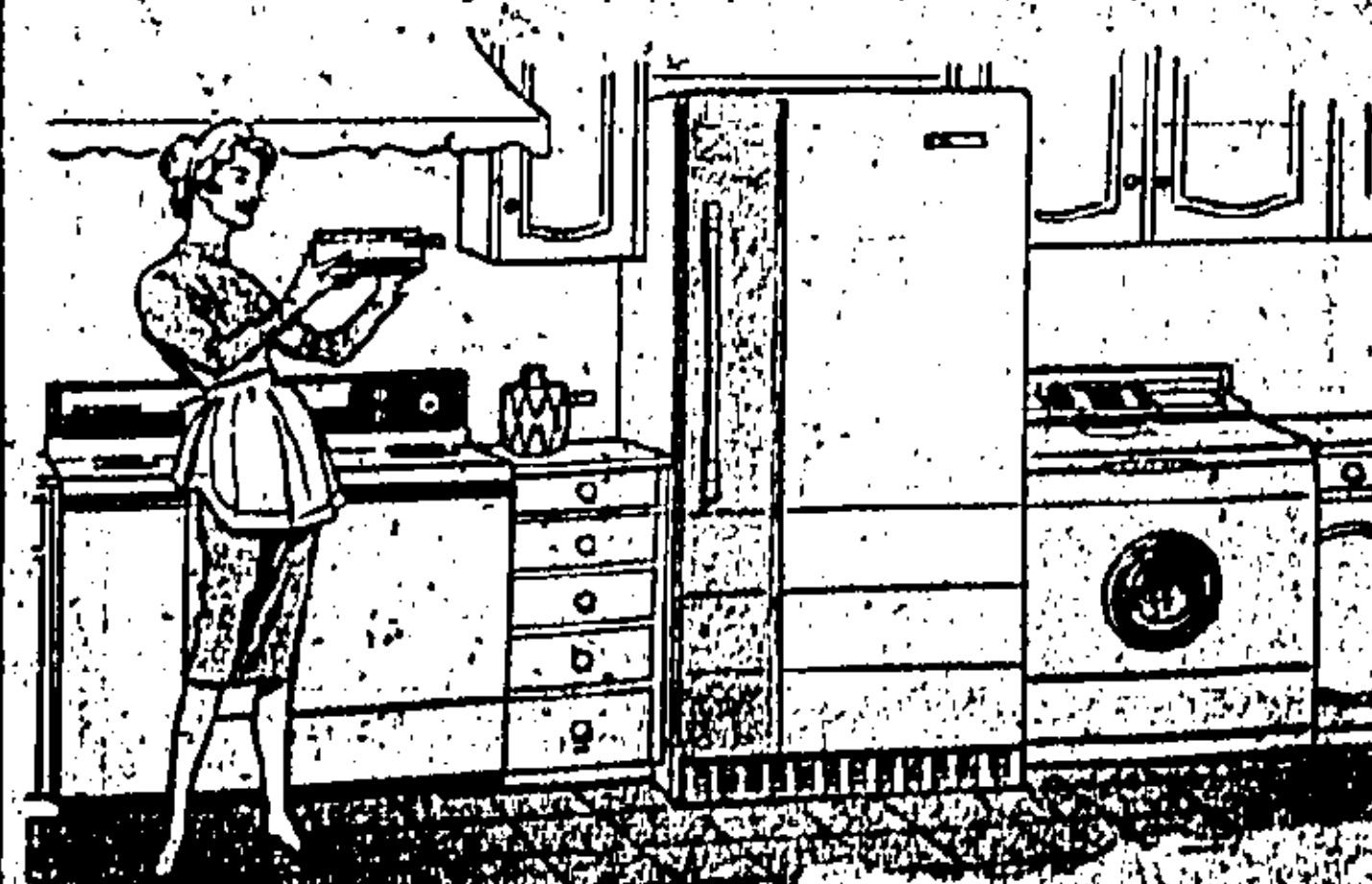


ABOVE: At the cocktail party given by the Asia Foundation at the Peninsula Hotel recently to say farewell to its Hongkong representative, Mr Patrick Judge, and to welcome his successor, Mr John Gange and his wife (l-r): Mrs Gange, Mr Gange, Mr Judge, Mrs Robert Blum and Mr Blum.



ABOVE: Mr A. Inglis, Director of Public Works, takes the salute at a passing out parade of Auxiliary Police held last week at the Police Training School in Aberdeen.

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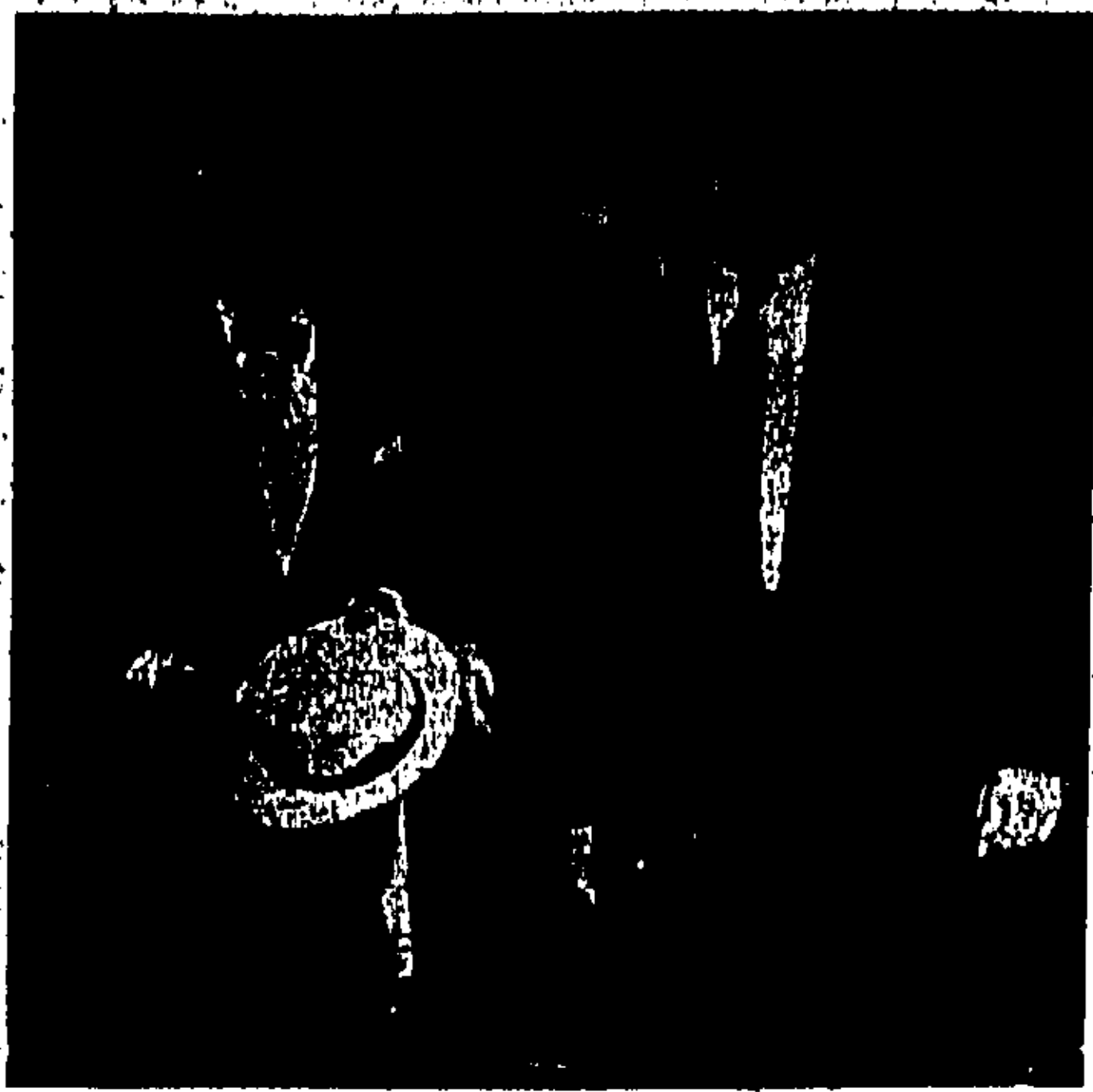
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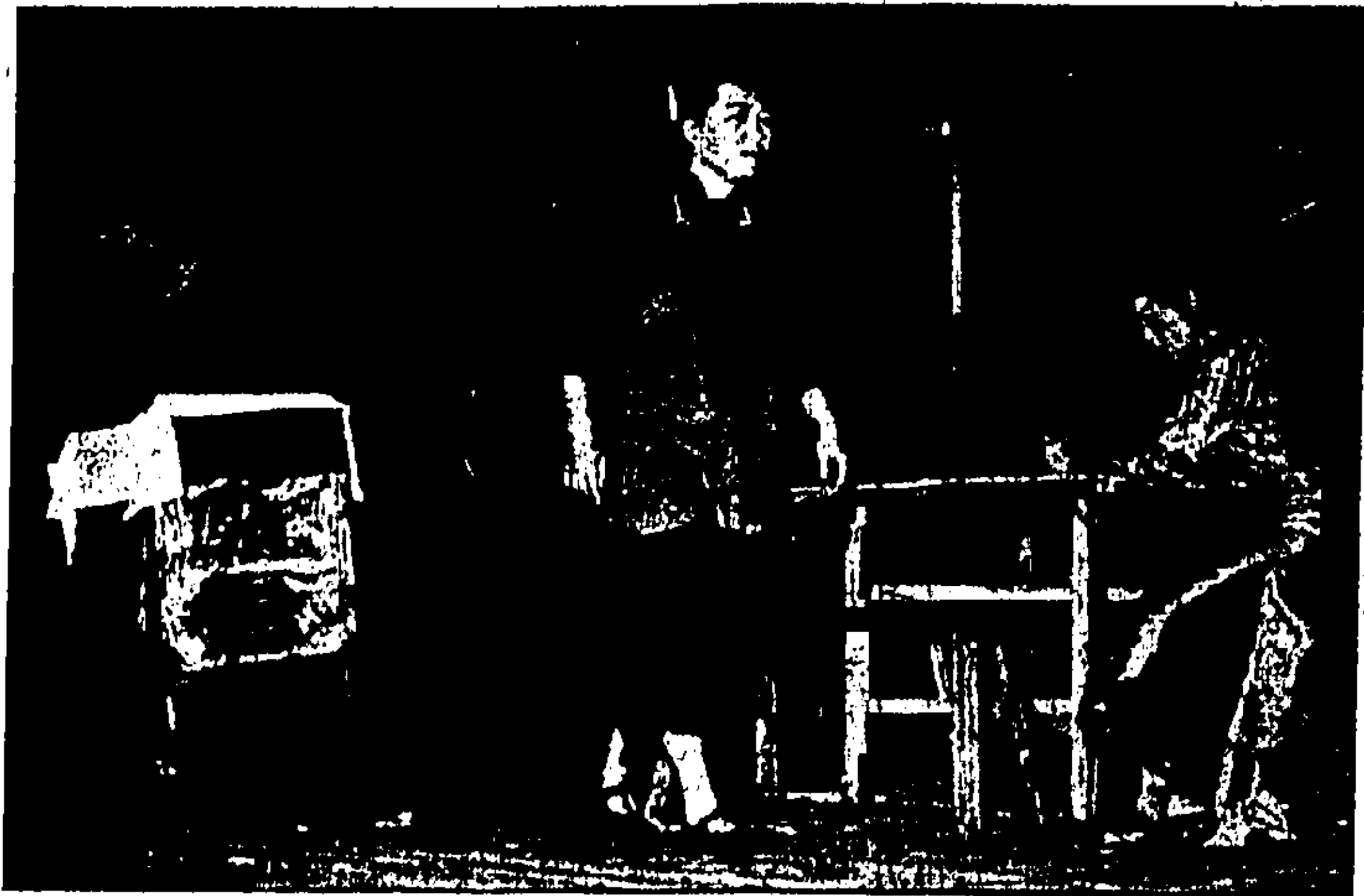
ABOVE: Mr C. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government (left), and Mr G. T. Davies, arriving at St John's Cathedral for the Education Sunday service this week.



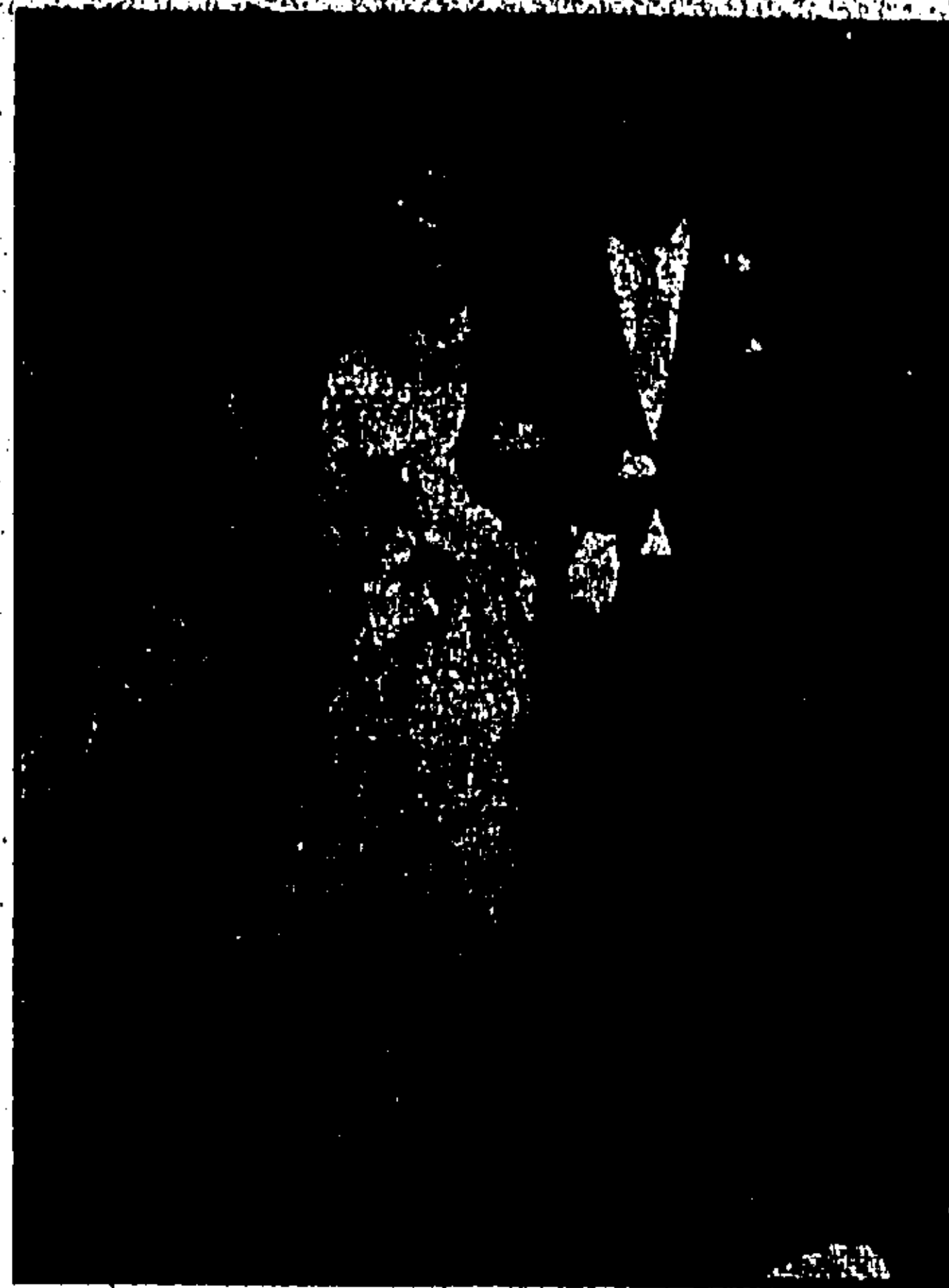
RIGHT: Mr and Mrs John Kwong-ho Kam seen at their wedding reception held at the Peninsula Hotel on Monday. The bride is the former Miss Priscilla Kam-ping Kwok, daughter of Mr and Mrs Kwok Chan.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Antonio Paulo Guterres seen with friends and relatives after their marriage at St Margaret's Church last week. The bride is the former Miss Elaine Kay Souza.



ABOVE: Scene during rehearsal of the play, "Night Inn," put on by the drama section of the Hongkong Chinese Reform Association at the Astor Theatre on Sunday. Seen (l-r) are Mr C. K. Tse, Miss Yip Lai-nor and Miss Chan Wai.



ABOVE: Mr R. G. Woodward (left) presents a certificate of efficiency to one of five typewriter and accounting machine technicians who recently completed a mechanical service training seminar in Hongkong. The presentation was made during a dinner at the Tai Tung Restaurant.



ABOVE: Mr Leif Kiehlund, president of Alukon International Ltd., of Mexico (right), seen with his wife on arrival here for a short visit. On left is Mr Clement Moh, of China Engineers, Ltd., who met the couple.



ABOVE: The gathering at the christening of Grace Teresa, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Indra P. Vaswani (third and second from right), at St Theresa's Church on Sunday. Grace is in the arms of her god-mother, Mrs Harold Wing-Lee.



ABOVE: Chuckling over a joke with a newsman during an interview at Kai Tak Airport is Sir Percy Spender, member of the bench of the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Sir Percy and his wife are here for a short stay before returning to The Hague.



ABOVE: Mr Chang Shun-yen (right), deputy leader of the Hongkong trade delegation to Singapore, seen shortly before his departure from Kai Tak with (l-r) Messrs Chu Shek-lun and Mr Yan Man-leung.



ABOVE: At the Qantas Airlines cocktails held at Maxim's recently (l-r): Mr G. Sykes, Mr G. Howling and Mr C. W. Nielson. The party marked the opening of the company's Hongkong sales office and the inauguration of its Hongkong-Tokyo service.



ABOVE: Captain Henry Large (right), master of the ss Persus, has a last toast with Hongkong friends before taking the ship home prior to his retirement.

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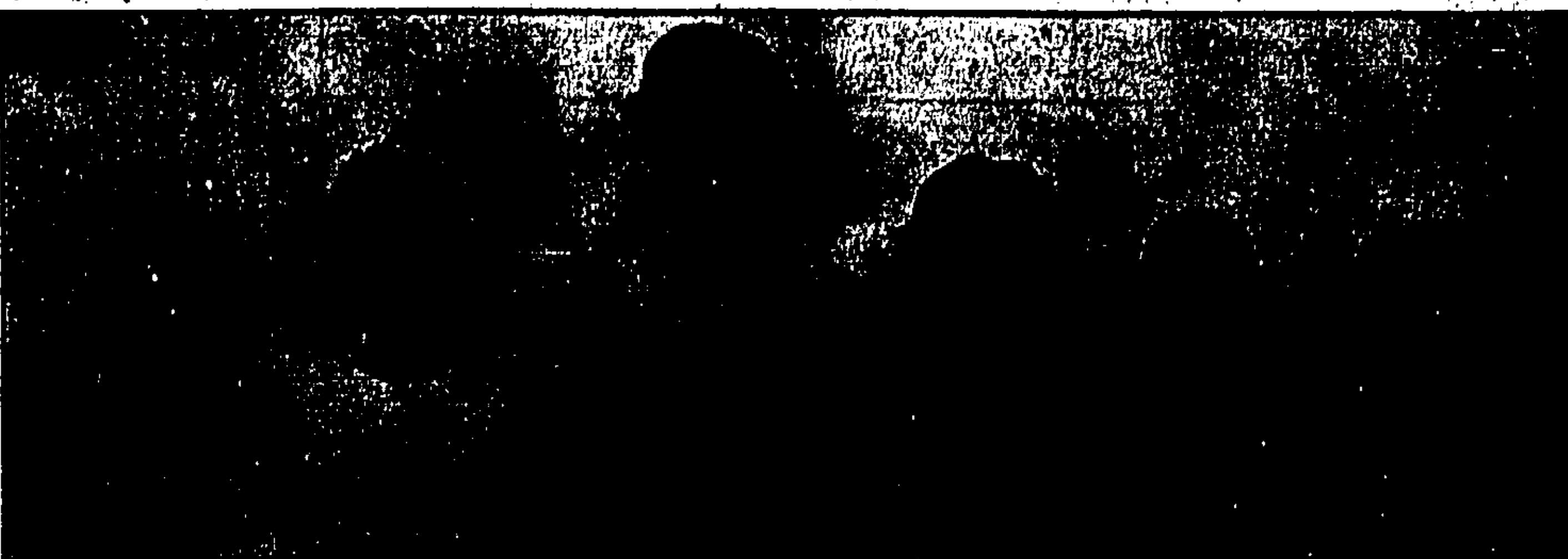
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ABOVE: Paintings by five girls of the Diocesan Girls' School have been awarded prizes by the Royal Drawing Society. The girls, seen here with their teacher, Miss Lesley Watts (centre), are (l-r) Marion Wong, Rony Cheung, Evelyn Lee, Chen Fook and Grace Lee.

Tonight's Floorshows

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Materials:

1ST SIZE: 30 ozs. Lavender Chunky Crepe.
2ND SIZE: 34 ozs. Lavender Chunky Crepe. Pair each needles Nos. 2 and 5. Safety Pin.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit 32-34 (36-38) ins. Bust measurement. Length of under-sleeve seam 16½ (18½) ins. Length from shoulder 23 (25) ins.

TENSION: 5 sts. and 8 rows equal one inch. (No. 2 needles).

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; P, purl; st., stitch; rep., repeat; cont., continue; comm., commencement; dec., decrease; patt., pattern; inc., increase; rem., remain; beg., beginning; alt., alternate. To work 2nd size follow figures in parenthesis.

Back:

Using No. 5 needles cast on 98 (122) sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 8 (8) rows. Change to No. 2 needles.

1st Size: Dec. row: + K.2, k.2, tog. rep. from + to last 4 sts. k.4. (52 sts.).
2nd Size: Dec. row: + K.3, k.2, tog. rep. from + to last 2 sts. k.2. (58 sts.).

Next row: Purl.
Now work in patt. thus:
Next row: + k.1, insert needle in row below and knit, slip st. off needle, rep. from + ending k.2.
This row form the rib patt.
Cont. in patt. until work measures 15 (15) ins. from comm.

Shape Armholes: Keeping in patt. cast off 2 (2) sts. at beg. of next 6 (10) rows. 30 (38) sts. + +
Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 23 (23) ins. from comm.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 4 (4) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Leave rem. 12 (14) sts. on a spare needle.

Front:

Work as Back as far as + +. Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 21 (21) ins. from comm.
Shape Neck: Right side:

Next row: Patt. 14 (14) sts. turn. Work back.

Cont. in patt. dec. one st. at Neck Edge on all rows twice (twice).

Cont. in patt. on these sts. until work measures 23 (23) ins. from comm.

Shape Shoulder: Comm. at armhole edge, cast off 4 (4) sts. at beg. of next and each all row three times.
Return to rem. sts. slip next 8 (10) sts. onto a safety pin, rejoin wool and work on rem. 14 (14) sts. to match first side.

Sleeves:

Using No. 5 needles cast on 28 (28) sts. and work in k.1, p.1. rib for 3 (3) ins. Change to No. 2 needles.

Dec. row: (Both Sizes): + K.4, k.2 tog. rep. from + ending k.4. 24 (24) sts.

Next row: Purl.

Now comm. patt.:

Next row: + k.1, insert needle in row below and knit, slip st. off needle, rep. from + ending k.2.
Rep. this row until work measures 8 (8) ins. from comm.

Now keeping in patt. inc. one st. each end of every 12th (10th) row until 32 (38) sts. are on needle.
Cont. on these sts. until work measures 10½ (10½) ins. from comm.

Shape Head: Right side: K.2 tog. at end of every row until 20 (22) sts. rem.
Work 16 (16) rows without shaping, then k.2 tog. at each end of next 5 (5) rows.
Cast off.

Neckband:

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and comm. at left front shoulder, rejoin wool and using No. 2 needles pick up and knit 18 (18) sts. down to sts. on safety pin; (k.1, p.1.) four (five) times, across 8 (10) sts. at front of neck; pick up and knit 18 (18) sts. to right



Cast off loosely in rib.

To Make Up:

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp

cloth avoiding ribbed welts. Join left shoulder seam. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves placing centre of head of sleeve to shoulder seam. Press all seams.

Winter Approaches

APPLES are now ripe and fragrant in the orchard; tomatoes grow lush and red in the garden. It's time now to capture these wonderful flavors in jellies, preserves or relishes to refresh winter meals or to use for holiday gifts.

Apple Conserve is a different, delicious and not-expensive spread for toast or hot, crusty baking powder biscuits.

Seeded raisins, 1½ c. brown sugar, 1 tsp. ground ginger, 1 tsp. ground cinnamon, ¼ tsp. salt and 1½ c. vinegar.

Slow-boil until as thick as chili sauce. Taste and add more salt and spices if desired. Four boiling hot into scalded 1-pt. or ½-pt. jars. Seal at once. For a holiday hostess gift, a jar of Apple Conserve and Tomato Chutney, together with



FOR GIFT GIVING, homemade Apple Conserve and Tomato Chutney can be teamed with a two-compartment relish dish.

All measurements are level. Apple Conserve: Wash, drain, pare and cut enough apples into ¼ in. dice to make 7 c. Combine with ½ c. orange juice, 5 c. granulated sugar, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. powdered ginger and ¼ c. candied orange peel.

Slow-heat until sugar dissolves, then cook rapidly almost to boiling point, or until a little of mixture, when dropped on an ice-cold plate, almost holds its shape.

Four boiling hot into scalded, hot 1-pt. or ½-pt. glass jars. Seal at once.

Apple Relish Conserve: Make as above but add ½ c. light raisins about 5 min. before removing conserve from heat. As a relish to serve with meat, poultry, baked beans or curries, we recommend Tomato Chutney. It is easy to make and is inexpensive.

Tomato Chutney: Wash and drain 6 large ripe tomatoes, 3 good-sized tart apples and 2 red sweet peppers.

Scald, peel, core and slice tomatoes. Core, pare and slice apples. Peel and chop 2 onions. Remove seeds and chop peppers. Combine in a kettle with 1 c.

one of the new two-compartment china or glass relish dishes, makes a tasty and impressive-looking present.

MONDAY EVENING MEAL

Vegetable Soup
Meat Béchamelle
Baked Baby Carrots

Whipped Mashed Potatoes
Lemon Pudding Cake
Coffee Tea Milk

All measurements are level. Recipes for 4 to 6

Meat Béchamelle: Combine 3 to 4 c. minced odds-and-ends roast or 4 c. minced meat with 3 tbsp. enriched flour, ½ tsp. sugar, ¼ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper.

Stir in 2 c. canned tomato mashed with a fork. Add 1 c. gravy or use boiling water and 1 tsp. beef broth powder.

Transfer to well-oiled 7 x 13-in. baking dish.
Cover with seasoned crumbs or with corn flakes. Dot with 2 tbsp. butter or margarine. Bake 30 min. in moderate oven, 350-375 F.

THICK ON THE CHEF
Add a pat of butter to heated canned vegetable soup, and serve accompanied with pretzels.



Wash canvas chair seats and mattress covers used on outdoor furniture before putting them away for the winter. Soil left in the fabric will weaken fibres. Put the covers in the washing machine with three to five tablespoons of sal soda concentrate, depending on the amount of soil. Add a little detergent—less than you would use for a regular washing.

Lingering odour in a lunch box will affect the taste of food packed in it. To prevent this,

sponge out the inside of the box and its plastic containers with a solution of 2 tablespoons of baking soda to 1 quart of water. Fill the thermos bottle with a solution of the same strength after every using, and brush the cork with dry soda.

Remove decals from walls or furniture with the ink blotter treatment. Soak ordinary blotters in water, press them onto the surface over the decals, allow them to dry thoroughly, and peel off both blotter and decals.

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

Teaching Your Dog How To Heel

NOTHING can be as frustrating as having your pet dog fail to respond to your instructions. When you take him for a walk with friends does he run off? And despite your shouting does he keep going, returning only when he feels like it? This sort of behaviour on the part of the dog you love can be embarrassing.

One of the best ways to start a dog on the road to obedience is to teach him to heel. Here are some basic rules set forth by the American Humane Society you can use to train your pet.



1. Make sure your dog is used to wearing a collar and leash. If not, take him for several walks wearing his leash. Don't try to train him to "heel" too soon. If he's still a curious puppy, you won't get far.



2. In the next few lessons hold him closer to your leg. Don't pull steadily on leash if he drifts back. Give sharp, quick jerks and repeat the command each time. Walk for 15 minutes at a time. Give him a treat at the end of the lesson.



3. Start by holding the leash at your left side, like this. Walk quickly, giving the one-word command "heel" as you walk. He'll drift from one side to the other, but don't worry at first. Just keep giving the one-word command.



4. When he has learned to heel try turns. Later you can remove the leash and he will stay by your side through even a dense forest. Don't forget to give him a gentle pat as a reward for good work. He'll love you for it.

Papa's Pipe Dream

—Knaif And Hanid See A Most Unusual Fisherman—

By MAX TRELL

KNAIF and Hanid, the Shadows with the Turned About Names, were sitting in a dark corner of the room. On the other side of the room, sitting under a lamp as he read his book, was Papa. As he read, he puffed at his pipe.

For quite a long while, Papa read his book and puffed his pipe in the silent room as Knaif and Hanid sat watching in the corner. Then, all at once, a puff of smoke rose out of the pipe and went sailing up toward the ceiling. It was a larger and rounder puff of smoke than any of the others. And as it rose toward the ceiling, it took on the shape of a Little Man sitting in a rowboat fishing.

A Little Rowboat

"Look!" whispered Hanid to her brother.

Knaif and Hanid watched the little rowboat with the Smoke Man in it go drifting slowly across the ceiling. The Little Man began tugging on his fishing line.

"He has caught something!" cried Knaif. They could see the Little Man leaning over the side of the boat. He pulled the fishing line in as fast as he could.

"Oh dear!" said Hanid. "I'm sure he hasn't caught anything. There aren't any fish in this room to catch."

Empty Line

Sure enough, when the Little Smoke Man in the rowboat finished pulling up his line, he saw that he had caught nothing. In disappointment, they saw him throw the line back again. "Poor little fellow," said Hanid.

Knaif stood up and waved to the Little Smoke Man. "You won't catch anything here," he called up to him.

"You'd better go fishing some other place," Knaif said again. "There aren't any fish swimming around in this room."

But the Little Smoke Man just smiled and nodded and sat back in his rowboat and went on patiently fishing.

By and by the boat drifted across the room once more until it floated almost directly over Papa's pipe.

And then a strange and wonderful thing happened! Out of Papa's pipe came a whole flock of little puffs of smoke. Each puff turned into the shape of a fish!

"It's a whole school of them!" Hanid cried excitedly. "Little Man! Little Man! Hold your fishing line! Here come the fish!"

The school of fish gathered around the end of the fishing line. One after the other, the Little Smoke Man caught them and pulled them up into his boat.

All Gone

At last there were no more left. "Little Man! What are you going to do now with all the



The Little Man pulled the fishing line as fast as he could.

fish you've caught?" Knaif called up.

The Little Man put his fishing line in his boat. Then he took his oars and started to row.

Across the ceiling went the boat. The Little Man waved to them, and out through the open window sailed the Smoke Man and the Smoke Boat and the Smoke Fish.

Then Knaif and Hanid looked at each other and smiled, for they were sure the Little Smoke Man was going to have a good meal of all the fish.

And on the other side of the room, under the lamp, Papa went on reading his book and puffing his pipe.

Rupert and the Outlaws—24



Rupert doesn't want long for an answer. "We have decided you like a handi-picking row, we are now," says the Chief. "We are outlaws and obey nobody, and you will be one too." He motions his horse and boy of the gun, the Rupert up to sit in front of him.



him. Soon they are off, first picking their way through a dense part of the silent forest, then emerging into black, hilly country. They climb steeply before reaching a shelf across the face of a cliff and here Rupert gets more and more frightened.

BULOVA

WATCHES OF DISTINCTION

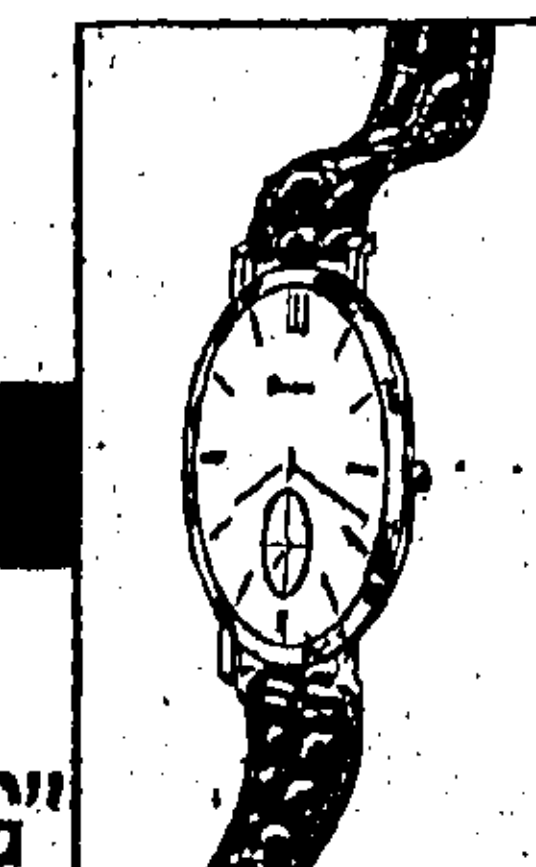


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SHOW BUSINESS



Roderick Mann Miss Heywood and a dedicated man

...NOW HE PLANS A DAZZLING FUTURE
FOR HER AS A TOP DRAMATIC STAR

IN a house overlooking a bay just outside Dublin, Miss Anne Heywood sat drinking tea. Her eyes shone, her teeth glistened, her cheeks glowed. She looked what she is—the ultimate in chocolate-box beauty. Hers is the kind of face which launched a thousand soft-centres; which proclaims the benefits of soft-drinks from every hoarding; which decorates every calendar.

A wholesome face, 'munchy-crunchy, cream-fed, sexual.' Miss Heywood does not take dope, nor cheat at cards, nor suffer from night starvation. She likes dresses, and is rarely seen without one on. She has never taken an overdose of Murreymints to get her name in the papers.

She is a nice girl. She is also, you may think, an exceedingly bad actress. But then you can't have everything.

A new force emerging?

Opposite her as she drank her tea, sat her producer, Mr. Raymond Stross. He too was drinking tea. It was ten-time.

You could tell he was a producer because he was smoking a cigar. You could also tell that he was in love with Miss Heywood because every time I asked her a question he answered it. The way that lovers do.

He is married now, Mr. Stross, but when he is free he will marry Miss Heywood. And a new force may emerge in motion pictures. Thalberg and Norma Shearer... Schenck and Jennifer Jones... Zanuck and Juliette Greco. And now, Raymond and Anne.

Also
Heywood.
Where
will
pin-ups
get her?

Talked for hours

Small wonder, as they sat there drinking tea, that they allowed themselves to wallow in a trough of emotional blanching.

"I tell you," said Stross, "I was in love with Anne before she even got off the air-plane. She was flying in from Rome to make this film of

mine. A Terrible Beauty, and I'd gone out to meet her off the plane. And as soon as we saw each other we knew. Isn't that right, darling?"

"Yes," said Miss Heywood. "We sat up that night and talked for hours," Stross said. "And I never even made a pass. Did I, darling? And what was that cute thing you said when I mentioned making a pass? Tell him that cute thing you said."

Miss Heywood smiled. "I said, 'If you make a pass at me you'll have to marry me.'"

"Yes," chuckled Stross. "That was what she said that was so cute."

More than a face

He took his eyes from her for a moment and looked at me. "This girl," he said, "is going to be a great world star. I shall dedicate my life to her career. Not since Jean Simmons and Deborah Kerr has there been a girl with her potential. But what has the Rank Organisation done for her? Nothing."

"I've been under contract to them for years and they've done nothing for me," said Miss Heywood.

"Why should she get up at 6 a.m. in the morning to make rubbish like *Upstairs and Downstairs*?" demanded Stross. "Why?"

"I don't know," I said. "What kind of rubbish do you want her to make?"

"She's going to make good films from now on," said Stross, who was responsible for such films as *The Plea* and *Weak and a Question of Adultery*. "I shall through with all that Rank junk. This is an intelligent girl. Not an intellectual, mind you. I don't say that. But intelligent. She can be a great dramatic actress."

"I want to play the kind of part that Simone Signoret

played in *Room at the Top*," Miss Heywood said. "I don't just want to be a pretty face."

"Of course she doesn't," said Stross. "Anne's got sex appeal. She's not like Virginia McKenna or any of the others. What sex appeal has Virginia McKenna got? About as much as that husband of hers, Bill Travers."

Not one enemy

"English producers don't seem to know what to do with you if you've got a beautiful face," said Miss Heywood. "But Raymond is quite different. He's more American, I feel."

"We'll visit Hollywood, of course," said Stross encouragingly. "I like Hollywood. I can honestly say I haven't got an enemy in Hollywood."

"I'm getting lots of offers now," said Miss Heywood. "And the film I just made in Italy should do me some good. It's called *Carriage in Flames* and it's a really dramatic part for me. I end up perishing in flames."

"It will be great for her," said Stross.

"They wanted me to appear semi-nude in the film," Miss Heywood said. "But I refused. They offered to do it with a double, but I still said No. After all people would think it was me, wouldn't they? And I don't want that sort of thing."

"There'll be no more of that," said Stross firmly. "No more pin-ups at all. She's a dramatic actress. Where will pin-ups get her?"

"You know something?" said Miss Heywood. "When I was working in Rome the Italian producer told me I was like a rose which had not yet opened. When I left I was opening. And now I feel I'm fully open."

"Darling," said Mr. Stross softly, and their eyes met over the top of the tea-cup.

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THE MAN NO WOMAN EVER WALKED OUT ON TWICE...

by
**DAVID
LEWIN**



INSPIRED AND INSCRUTABLE—DEMLILLE AND SPHINX

JUST after he had completed the *Exodus* and before he set about dividing the Red Sea, Cecil B. DeMille stood near a pyramid in the sands of Egypt peering at a picture I had handed him showing Moses, played by Charlton Heston, at the head of a procession of 10,000 assorted extras.

DeMille, a four-star general among directors, snapped his fingers and one of his "field secretaries" came running.

"Eye glass," said DeMille. "Yes, Mr. DeMille," said the woman, and in the middle of the desert produced one.

DeMille studied closely the picture I was showing him and said: "Moses' eyes are closed. Tell your office in London to open them before printing this picture."

That was Cecil B. DeMille making his last film, *The Ten Commandments*.

In January this year he died, aged 77, and in America his biography, written by Phil Kory, a DeMille personal representative and "executive assistant" for seven years, has just been published.

His belief

I had it flown from New York because the book, called appropriately enough *Yes, Mr. DeMille*, shows the sort of man who helped to create Hollywood and make the movies mighty.

He believed in powerful stories and big stars and the importance of being DeMille. In conversation and letters he never used the personal pronoun but always his name. And he had a firm belief in the proper place of people and things.

An agent came to see him to suggest Deborah Kerr for a part in his film *Unconquered*. "Miss Kerr's price is 4,000 dollars a week (more than £1,000) and expenses," said the agent.

"Her name doesn't mean very much in America," said DeMille. "That is her price, just the same," said the agent.

His advice

"Not worth it," said DeMille. "She is trying to make money off DeMille and DeMille only wants her if he can make money off of her. Good day, sir."

His advice to women was often sharp. To Paulette Goddard he said: "Never go across the alley even to dump the garbage unless you are dressed to the teeth." But when Miss Goddard walked off the set of *Unconquered*, because she was scared of being injured in a crowd scene, DeMille did not forget—or forgive.

Years later he was to make *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Paulette Goddard desperately wanted a part. She wrote to him: "I do hope and pray I get 'The Part' in your coming film. I will be a good, good girl. P.S. I have pretty feet, too."

His throne

DeMille replied by letter: "Indeed your feet are beautiful. What bothers me is that those same lovely feet might be tempted to walk off the set, a second time."

Later he said: "No one ever walked off a DeMille set and came back."

DeMille Ball came to him for the part of the elephant girl in

the circus film and got it. A week or two later she returned to his office in tears to say that she was going to have a baby, and the doctor felt that playing an elephant girl might be too taxing for her. She would have to give up the part.

DeMille agreed, but to his staff later he said: "You can have a baby any time, but how often in your life do you get a lead in a DeMille picture?"

His staff were like the junior commanders of an army. Every day they assembled with the master for lunch in the studio restaurant, walking together in procession behind DeMille.

It was considered improper, if not downright imprudent, to reach the DeMille table ahead of DeMille.

His words

For years he used to sit at lunch in a heavy, ornate chair on a foot-high platform known as the throne.

One of his team of secretaries took down every word he said for future reference. Like this: "Find out the name of the character whom we saw in the restaurant today. Has a good face... Have the swimming pool filled... Get little Jody (his grandson) a toy..."

The notes were extended to describe everything that happened "on set" during the shooting of a film. The great Betty Hutton-Cornel Wilde feud flared up today. It started with Betty Hutton having eaten garlic last night — "green

preparation for a love scene," said Wilde, strode through it all, wringing on his writers with phrases like "Hit sex hard," handing out his "medals" (memorial half-dollars) to his stars when they showed "punch above and beyond the call of duty," and consoling himself and all around him when the going was rough by saying: "It's a kind of martyrdom for a great cause, and we all must give a little bit of ourselves."

His conflicts

DeMille was Hollywood at its fiercest and flamboyant best. He was not afraid of television, because he could do it bigger and better.

He saw everything in terms of conflict. "The only thing that will keep an audience awake" and broke down any story into "pieces of action." His breakdown of his film *Samson and Delilah* went like this:

1. Brawl at the wedding feast.
2. Fight with lion.
3. Fight with king's wrestler.
4. Jawbone fight.
5. Falling temple.

"I can make a film out of any 50 pages of the Bible," he said. "Except possibly the Book of Numbers."

"Yes, Mr. DeMille," is not merely the story of one man. It really shows a Hollywood movement. There will be big, bold, easy and breezy DeMille-type films, even without DeMille, because conflict and action and big men and beautiful women are what movies are made of.

CHUCKLES



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BOOK PAGE

FROM THE EAST END TO HOLLYWOOD—THAT'S THE SHEILAH GRAHAM STORY

THE ORPHAN GIRL WHO FOUND FAME

By DEE WELLS

THE orphanage door clanged shut. Six-year-old Lily Shell undressed and watched her shabby clothes carried away—at arm's length on tongs. Clippers sheared her ash blonde hair, and she peeped fearfully at the steaming bath being readied and sniffed the strong carbolic soap.

This was pre-World War I London at its rawest. Lily Shell was an East End waif whose washerwoman mother was no longer able to keep her.

Whose heart wouldn't go out in sympathy to this child?

Yet 45 years later—after meeting the woman that Lily Shell has become—I take back my heart. And am sorry ever to have offered it. Sorry, mainly to have wasted sympathy on someone who so obviously has always had an abundant self-generated supply. And sorry to see the person that little Lily Shell is today.

In her place

For pathetic Lily Shell no longer exists. In her place is a stout, thrice-married, faded blonde named Sheilah Graham.

In Hollywood she ranks as the No. 3 gossip columnist. In the book world her life story, *BELOVED INFIDEL* (Cassell, 21s.), will soon rank as a No. 1 best-seller—or I eat my last year's straw hat.

Yet in my opinion this book ranks as the shabbiest, most shaming soul-baring in many a year. Not since Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* have I read its equal for man-hunting, lolly-grabbing egotistic greed. And say what you like of fictitious Emma Bovary—at least she wasn't real. Sheilah Graham is. All too real.

Harsh words? Yes. But hers is a harsh, repellent story.

Spotted

At 14 she emerged from that orphanage. And went home to tend her destitute mother who was dying of cancer. Of this period, when her mother lay racked with pain, she writes: "I was consumed with impatience and boredom."

There is the key. That it fits is soon chillingly clear. Mother buried, Sheilah started climbing up. Her story reads like a ladder. Men are the rungs. Each one is firmly stepped on to get to the next. First ditched is Leslie, her East End boy friend who put her on to a job demonstrating

toothbrushes. From behind her counter she had spotted Major John Graham Gilliam.

Major Gilliam was class. He had the D.S.O. His voice was cultured. And class, Sheilah very much admired. She accepted the job he offered—and his occasional kisses and free dinners.

Monte Collins almost cut Major Gilliam out. Because he was a millionaire. That he was yet another boy friend's sister's suitor didn't matter. Sheilah snagged him easily. From him she acquired diamonds, weekends in Brighton, and a proposal of marriage.

But middle-aged, self-made Monte Collins was ditched too. Because Major Gilliam now proposed himself. And was accepted.

Major Gilliam sounds a good and kindly man. He financed his pretty ambitious wife's acting lessons. He had her presented at Court. He obligingly stayed home alone while she went on to bigger and better fish fries.

Soon she was a dazzlingly popular chorus girl. One who was often guest of honour at bachelors' midnight champagne parties. She tamed her cockney accent, invented a respectable middle-class background, and launched herself in society.

The ladder's rungs now multiplied rapidly. Her social life now included: Top People.

Sir John Carew-Pole, Guardsman baronet... Sir Richard North... Impresario C. B. Cochran... Captain the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, courtesy to the Prince of Wales... socialite Tom Miltford... writer A. P. Herbert... the Marquis of Donegall. Just to name a few.

Solidly "in," the switched professions. Overnight she became a journalist. And old clippings of her writings supply another key.

"Marry for Money" is the headline on one 1931 clipping. Another advises young married couples not to have a baby—but to buy a car instead. Another is entitled "How to Manage Men," and in this she writes: "the best matrimonial prizes fall to women who are outwardly and inwardly as hard as nails and as cold as ice."

Already she was eyeing America—and the fat salary a journalist could command there. Her husband wanted to accompany her. But she writes: "...I was young and pretty and

there would be many helping hands. If my middle-aged husband came along, nobody would want to help me."

So, of course, the loving Major Gilliam was ditched too.

Almost inevitably Sheilah Graham gravitated to Hollywood. To her that tinsel city with its tinsel people was Life. A life of movie stars... extravagant parties. High Life. Real Life. Such an Old England could never provide. And money, too. Lots of it.

Palatable

In her element, she thrived. So did her gossip column and her romance with the Marquis of Donegall. He proposed. She accepted. But he, too, was to be ditched. And soon.

Because a very curious characteristic thing happened. Sheilah Graham fell in love. With American writer Scott Fitzgerald. Then a somewhat reformed alcoholic, turning out film scripts to support his insane, institutionalised wife.

Sheilah Graham's description of her two years with Scott Fitzgerald is the only palatable portion of her book.

They were happy. But even with him her lifelong habit of using people soon takes over. She used him to tutor her and provide her with the education she never had.

In 1940 Scott Fitzgerald died tragically and suddenly in Sheilah Graham's Hollywood flat. They hadn't had very long together. Not long enough for Sheilah Graham's late-acquired education in the Humanities to stick. She drifted back to her old way of life.

British business man Trevor Westbrook became divorce No. 2. A life guard (beach, not regiment) became divorce No. 3.

Now at the top of her ladder, Sheilah Graham is rich, successful, and glossy as a plump cat. Soon her depressing book will be a film. Deborah Kerr has already shouldered the doubtful honour of playing the lead.

And I suppose in a way you have to hand it to this ex-East End orphan once named Lily Shell. Just what to hand her, I'd be hard put to say.

But I do know it's nothing I'd touch with a 10ft. pole. With gloves on.

—(London Express Service).

The short, bizarre life of a girl called Marianne

DANSE MACABRE. By Frederic Mullally. Secker and Warburg. 15s.

ON page 23, the hero, Bob Sullivan, makes love to a model in London; on page 44, in Paris, to a one-eyed Lesbian; for several pages, in Rome, to a Jamaican girl who murmurs on the telephone: "Do you want to hit me? I wouldn't mind..."

Mr Mullally may not have at his command the stuff of which literature is made, but he quickly shows himself, in his first novel to be a dab hand at isolating the ingredients which make a best seller.

Marianne, the heroine, is a 19-year-old nymphomaniac. But she is dead before the book opens, killed in an alley in the Cephos by the mysterious French ogre with whom she was living.

by HAROLD HARRIS

Bob Sullivan, an Irish journalist, is commissioned by her wealthy, effeminate friend, Brian Harper, to write a book about her. He sets out on his grand tour of the gossip writers world in search of the real Marianne. After Rome, Cannes, Barcelona, Ibiza, and, inevitably, Tangier.

On the trail

She had been quite a girl. Sated by her experiences, she suffered her first revolution from men before she was 10. But it did not last long.

Sullivan tracks down some of the men (and women) who loved her. They tend to come to a bad end after taking him their stories, but he survives

several attempts on his life by the French ogre's thugs who are hot on his trail.

He even survives examples of Marianne's conversation, plausibly recorded by her friends.

"I had made a discovery. It was a truth so gloriously obvious that most of us just nod at it and hurry on by. We live only once." And: "I realised that we are what we are not because we are anything but because we are not something else."

At last, Sullivan beards the French ogre in his palace in Tangier. Surprise.

The ogre turns out to be Brian Harper.

Marianne, it transpires, had been experimenting with life at his evil instigation. It was as the climax of her final experiment that he killed her.

Beneath the pseudo-philosophical jargon, which is designed to give this hatch-pole a veneer of respectability, there are traces of a talent struggling to be let out.

—(London Express Service).



THE CHANGING FACE OF SHEILAH GRAHAM: ABOVE—as she was in 1931, when her fame amid the glitter of Hollywood was still to come. RIGHT—the successful columnist, her past littered with great names.



Even Nelson Thought We'd Lose This War

THE SPANISH TOWN PAPERS. By E. Arnot Robertson. Cassell. 21s.

THE bundles of papers in the Old Armoury in Spanish Town, Jamaica, were treasure indeed. Treasure which time and decay neglect and weather, had spared or partly spared.

Treasure which Arnot Robertson came upon with a delighted surprise that communicates itself to her book.

The papers were records of forgotten trials before an almost forgotten tribunal, the Vice-Admiralty Court of Jamaica, in the years that followed the revolt of the American colonies. They were stained by damp, eaten by termites, torn and faded. But they whispered on every sheet a tale of old wars and plunderings, deeds of heroism and robbery.

Fixed fees

Almost a thousand of the documents, are ships' papers, each from some vessel captured by the rebel Americans by the British Navy or some busy privateer, licensed by King George III.

The Vice-Admiralty Court had to decide whether a captured ship was lawful prize or not. The court set about the task with more enthusiasm than impartiality. Its fees were fixed by a percentage of the value of vessels and cargoes judged forfeit.

Arnot Robertson's account of what she found in these trail old papers has a romantic if scholar-

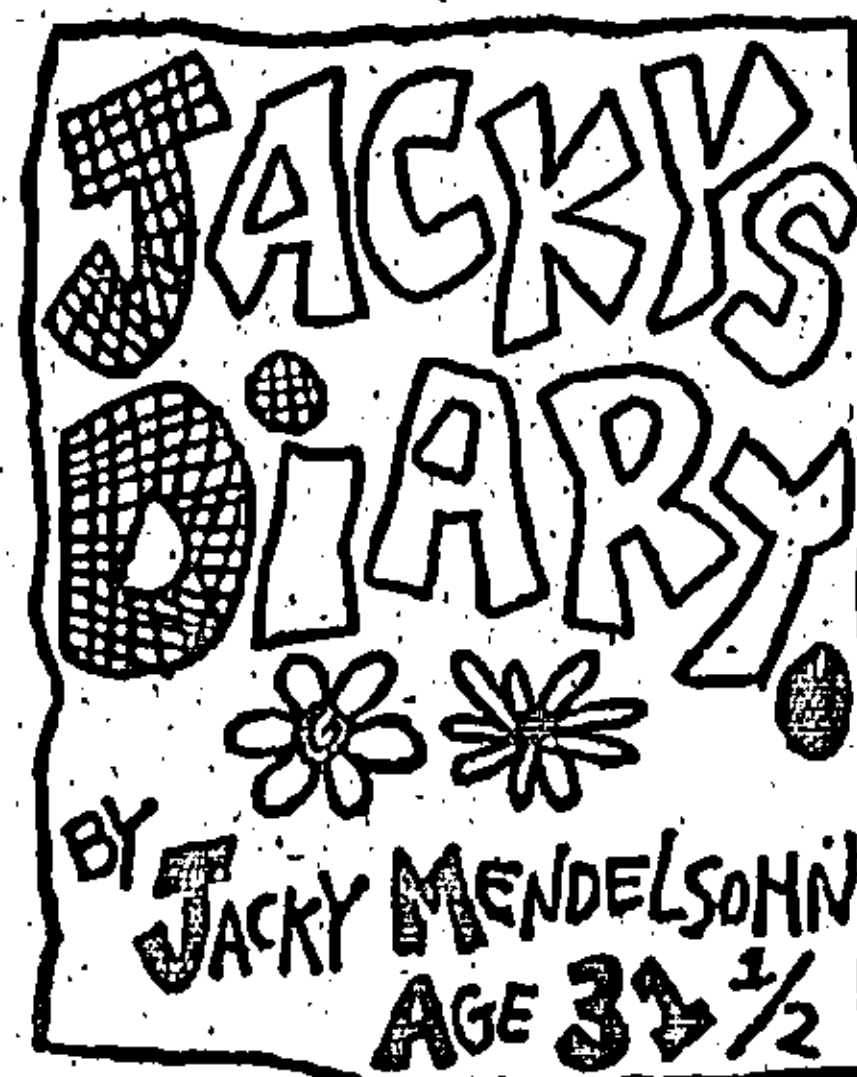
ly sense of excitement. This is a scrap book, illustrating by flashes the lives of old seafaring men and their women-folk.

"Since I have left New York," writes one man to his brother-in-law in the early days of the revolutionary war, "I have not had a single line from any of my friends, which makes me very uneasy. Should New York meet with any disaster, which God forbid, you must with yours go to my house in the country."

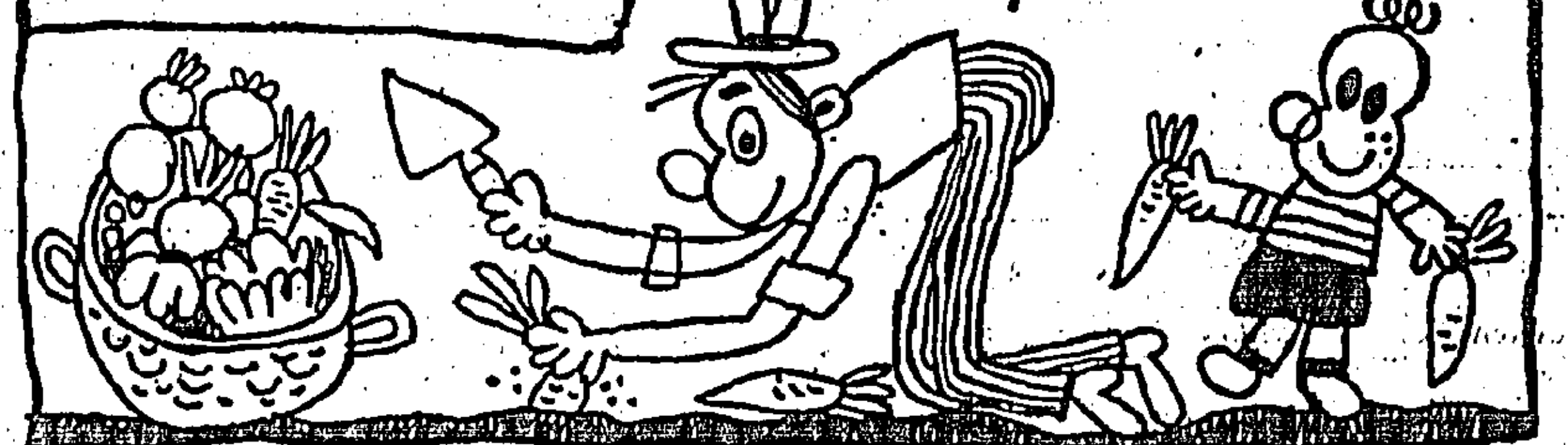
The Americans seem to have been pessimistic about their chances in the war: "The King's men cut us to pieces like we are a parcel of snakes."

But the British seem to have been no more hopeful. The heroic Nelson himself who contributes a letter to the Spanish Town board shook his head over Britain's prospects in a war against both Americans and French.

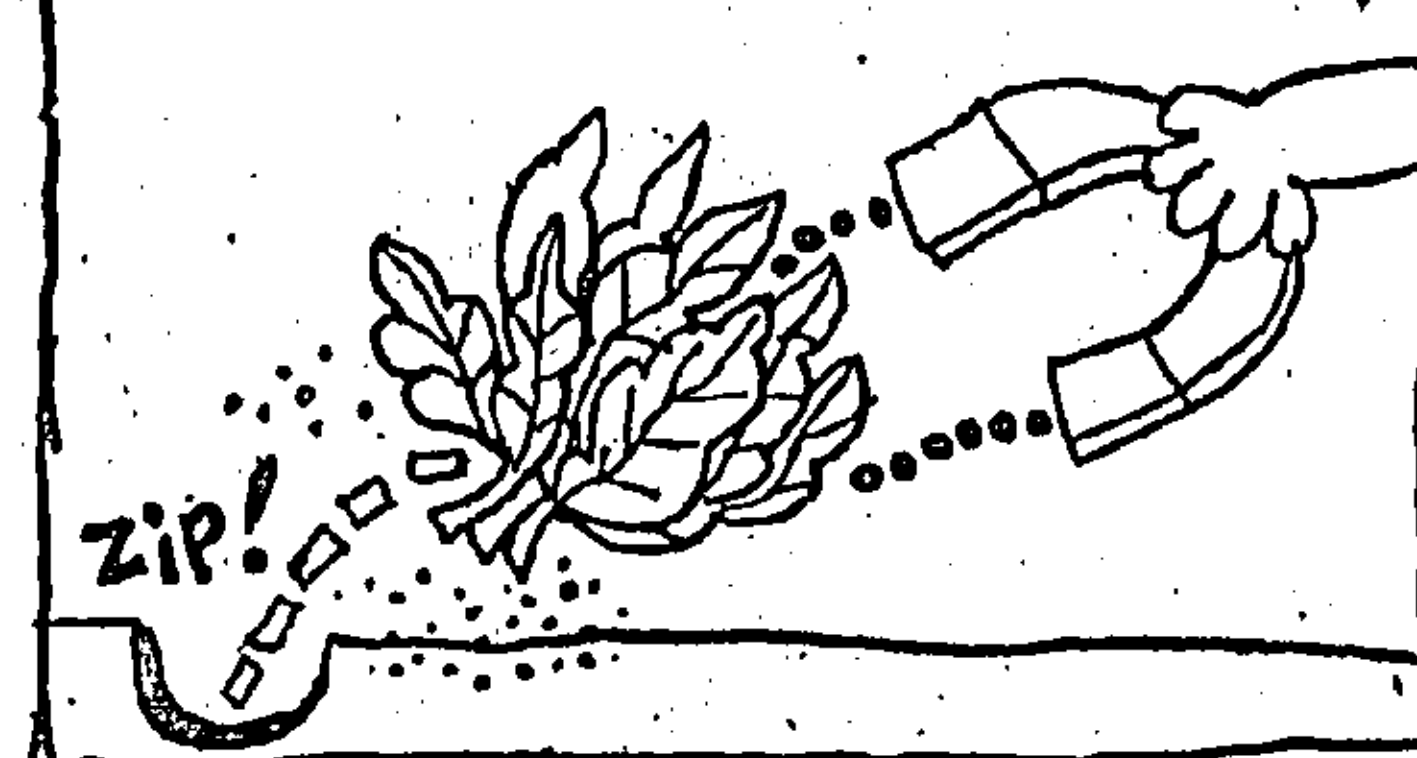
—(London Express Service).



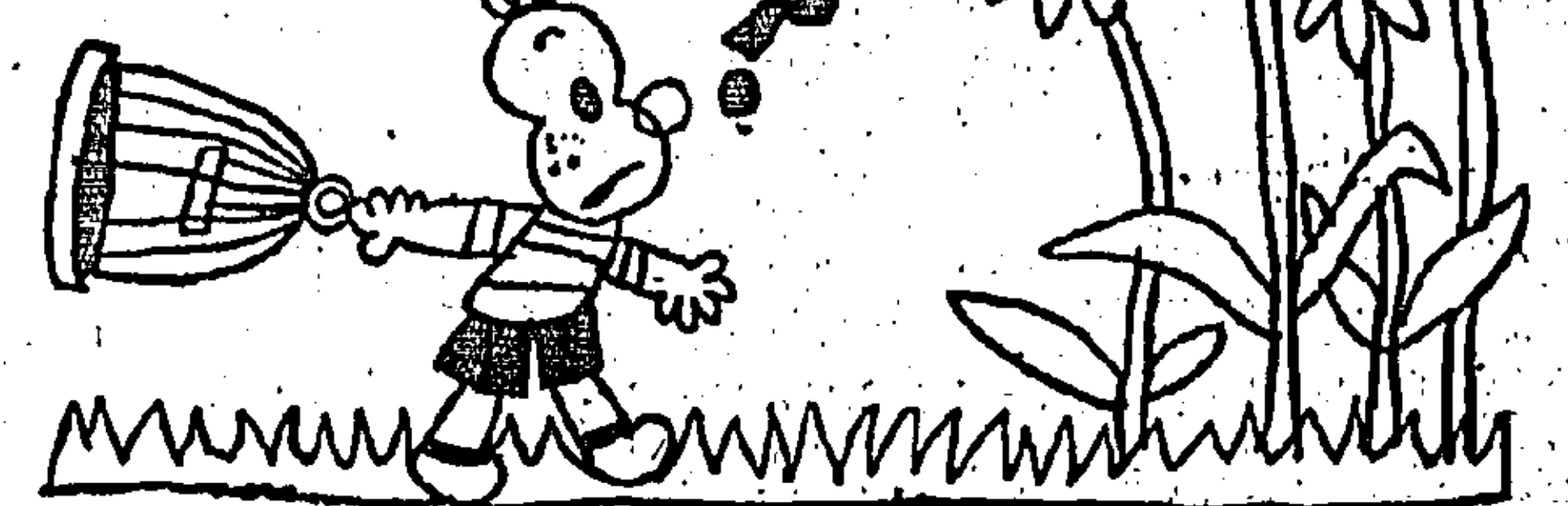
THIS MORNING DADDY & ME PULLED OUT THE VEGETABLES WE PLANTED IN THE SPRING, WHEN I WAS LITTLE.



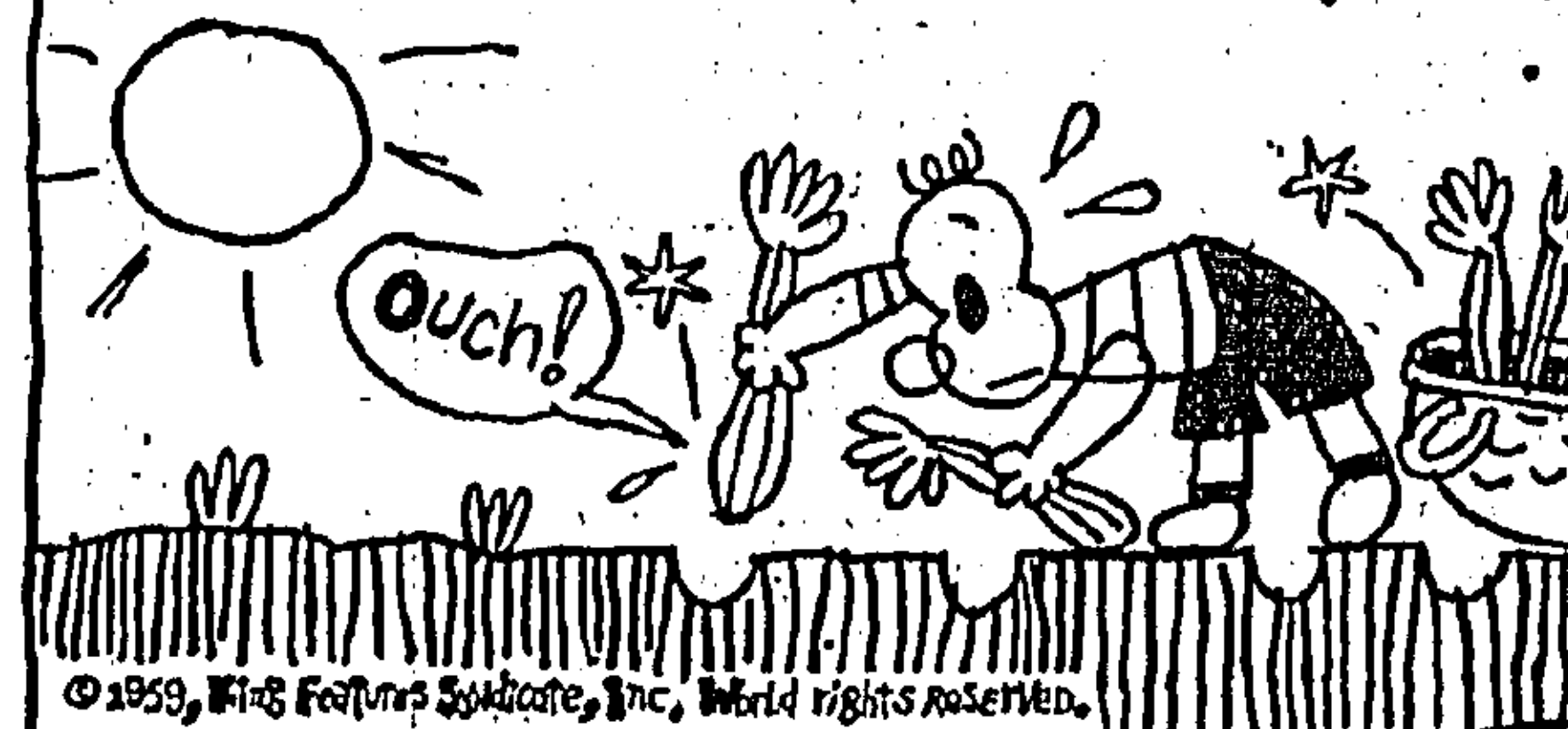
FIRST I FOUND WE HAD GRUESOME SPINACH. SPINACH HAS LOTS OF IRON IN IT... BUT EVEN SO, IT'S VERY GOOD FOR YOU.



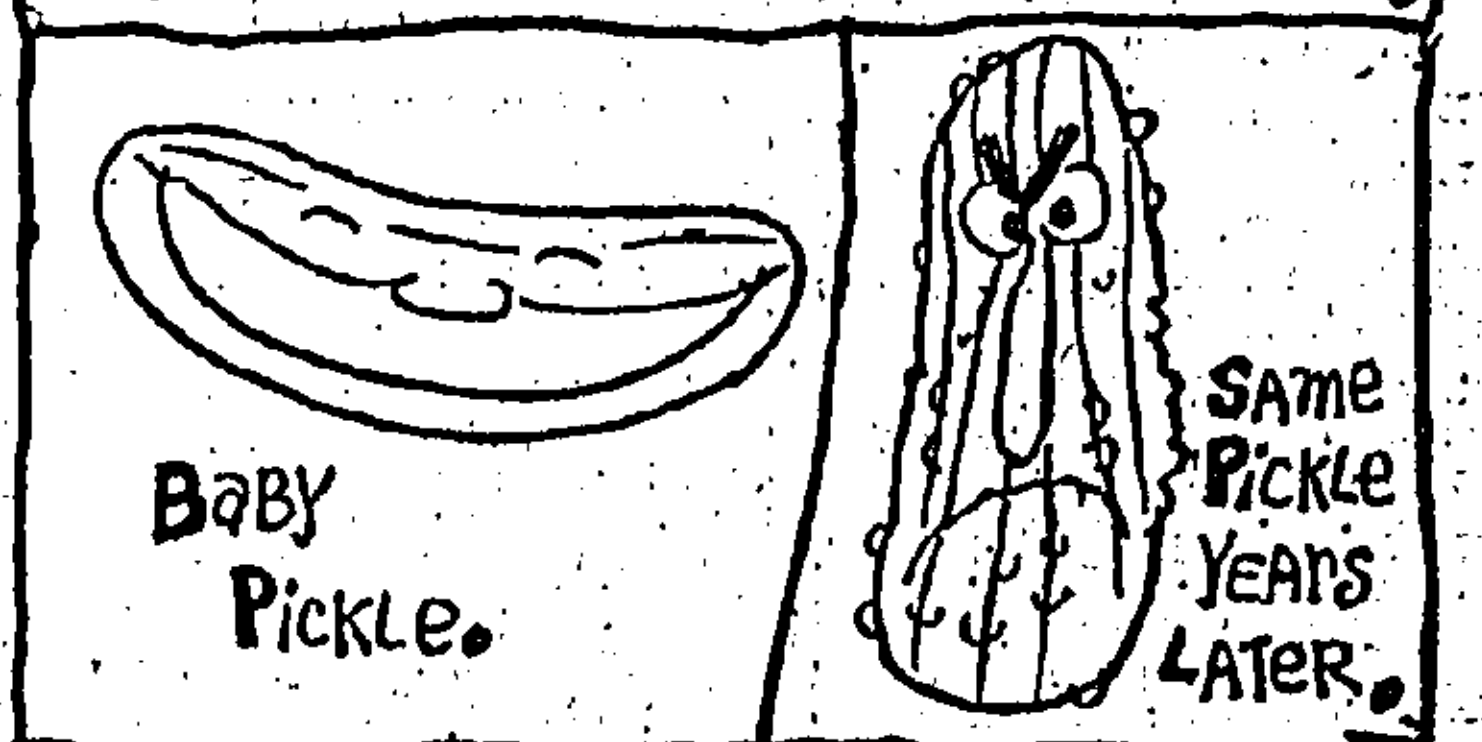
THEN I LOOKED WHERE WE PLANTED SOME POLLY SEEDS, BUT THERE WASN'T A SINGLE POLLY GROWING THERE. JUST A BUNCH OF SUN FLOWERS. ...WHAT A GYP!



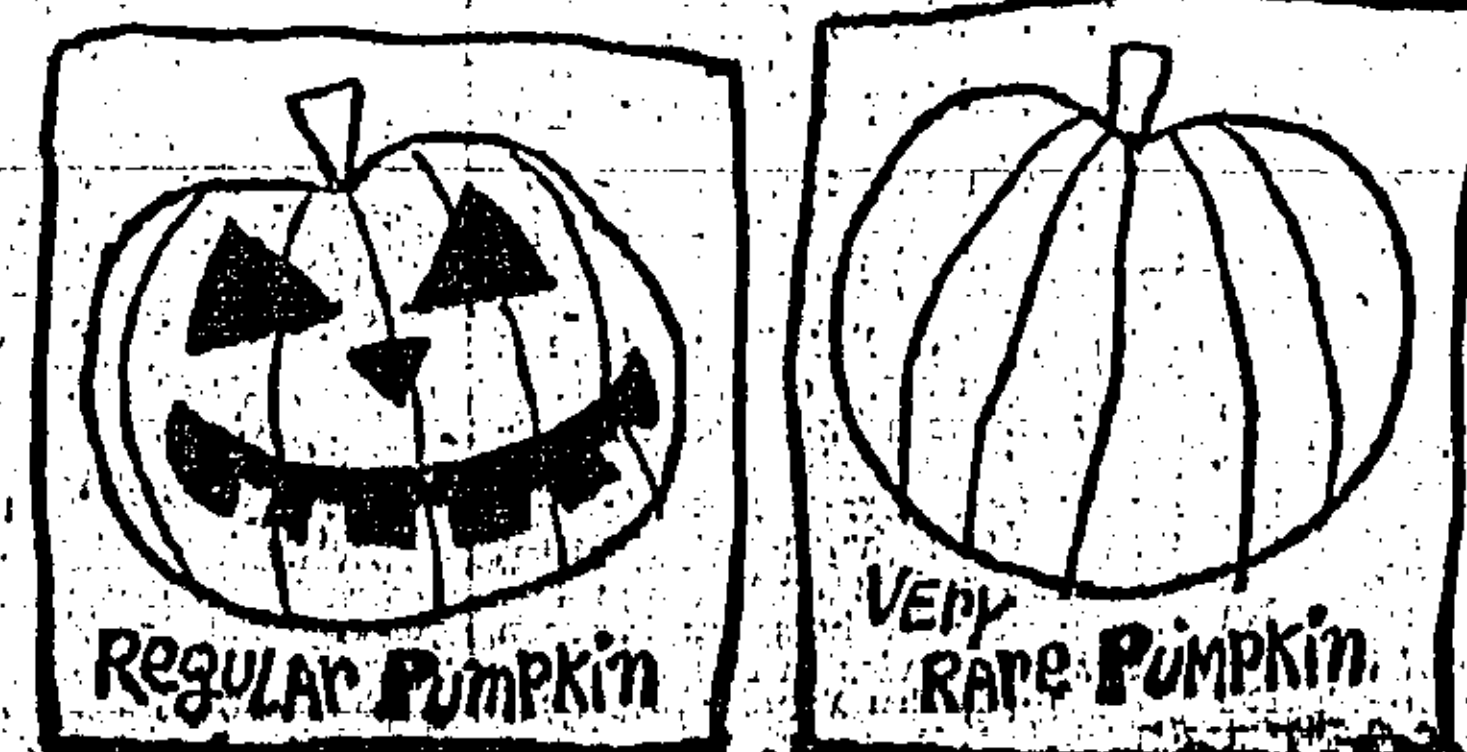
LATER ON I PULLED UP SOME RHUBARB, WHICH IS CELERY THAT GOT SUNBURNT, SO YOU GOT TO DO IT VERY GENTLE.



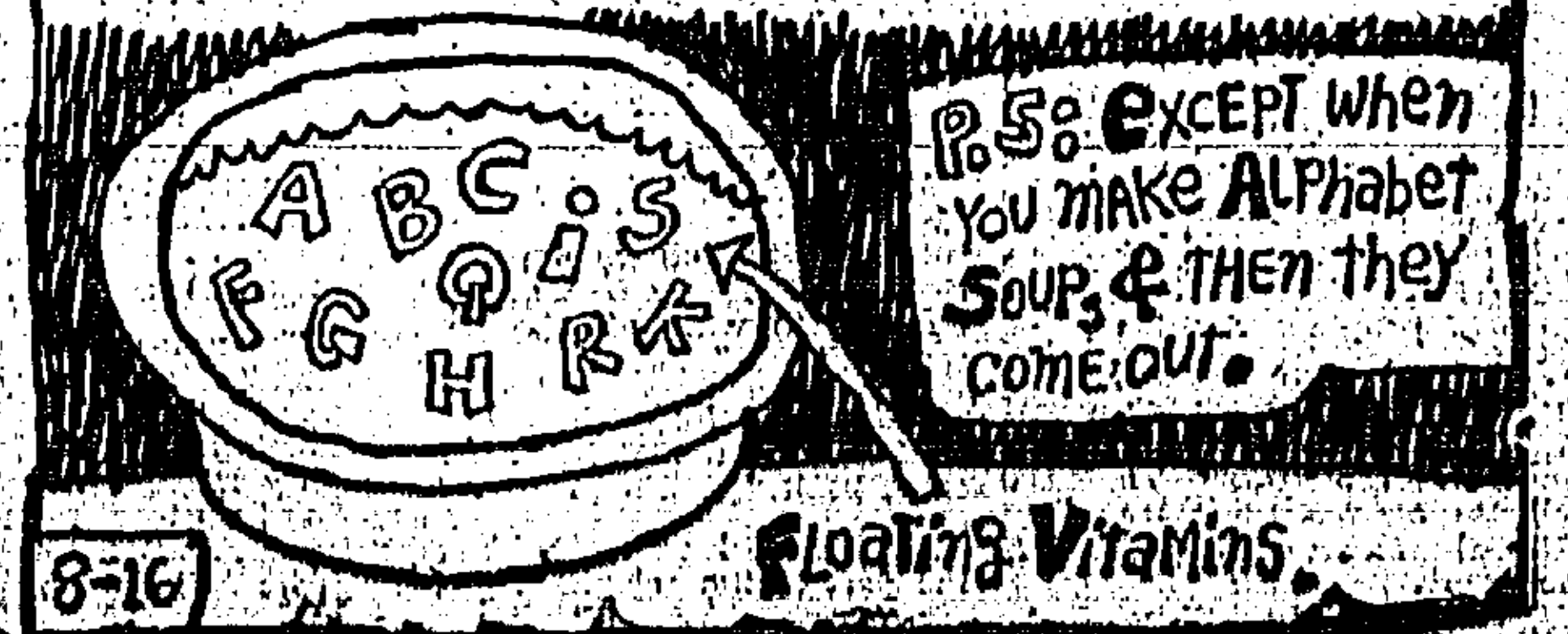
ALSO WE GRUESOME CUTE-GUMBERS, WHICH ARE REALLY BABY PICKLES. ON A COUNT OF THEY HAVEN'T GROWN UP & TURNED SOUR YET.



WOW! I ALSO FOUND A PUMPKIN THAT GREW UP WITHOUT ANY FACE. I THINK I'LL SEND IT INTO A MUSEUM.



I DON'T LIKE VEGETABLES A LOT, BUT THEY'RE VERY HEALTHY ON A COUNT OF THEY GOT LOTS OF VITAMINS... WHICH ARE LETTERS THAT YOU CAN'T SEE BECAUSE THEY'RE INSIDE.



Today

11.00 Suite Op. (Hofst.)—Mars.
 Dringer of War; Venus, the
 of peace; Mercury, the w.
 Dringer; Jupiter, the Dringer
 Jolly; Saturn, the Dringer
 Age; Uranus, the Malignant
 the Oracle (Hofst.)—Mars.
 Philomela Promenade Orl.
 by Dir. Adrian Boult with C.
 of London. (Hofst.)—Mars.
 11.05 WEATHER REPORT.
 11.10 TIME SIGNAL.
 11.15 THE NEWS. COMMENT.
 11.18 MUSIC IN A QUIET MO.
 11.40 POWER BY PERCY DR.
 11.45 MUSIC.
 Read by Margaret Scott.
 11.50 WEATHER REPORT.
 11.55 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO N.
 12.00 THE EPICURE.
 The Epiphany, Sunday
 Organ, the Epiphany.
 ORGAN INTERLUDE.
 12.30 CLOSE DOWN.

The St Leger Stakes—run at Doncaster each year—is one of the Classics of the English flat racing season, and as such is always covered by the BBC's commentators.

The BBC Story

"The BBC Story"—which lasts an hour and will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on Tuesday night, 21st June—includes contributions from many authoritative spokesmen both inside and outside the BBC, and quotations from early documents and early broadcasts. Among the voices that will be heard in the programme are those of His Majesty King George the Fifth; E. M. Forster, the novelist; Lord Radcliffe, the eminent jurist; the political commentator Lord Alton of Liverpool; and two former Governors of the

Listeners may recall the talk which John Morris, of the Oldies Vlc Company, gave over Radio Hongkong a week or so ago on what it feels like to be back-stage just before the curtain goes up on new production. While he was in Hongkong he chose the opening words of Noel Coward's famous song 'Don't Put your Daughter on the Stage or Mrs Worthington' as the theme of his talk, which will be broadcast by Radio Hongkong on Thursday night at 9.15. In this he attempts—as the title suggests—to explain that the path of the budding young actor or actress is unlikely to be strewn with roses, particularly in the early years; that the hope of immediate stardom are more likely to be rewarded with small parts in seaside or provincial rep, than with a sudden rush to fame; and that, above all, any of the many young people who are coming forward to make the attempt at all would find (at the surprise of surprise) that they were actually expected to WORK. So if your children are looking to the bright lights for singing and dancing, it was in the first place, and the other side we can only suggest that you get them to listen in on Thursday night for fifteen minutes.

Ibsen's "Brand"

"World Theatre" this Monday night at 8:15 sees the appearance on the air of the first of Henrik Ibsen's major works, "Brand".

He wrote this "dramatic poem" in Rome in 1844 and it was first produced the following year; thereafter quickly establishing his fame throughout Europe by its unsurpassed grandeur and profound understanding. In the radio adaptation by James

NANCY WISE plays her kind of music at seven o'clock tonight in Radio Hong Kong's "Announcer's Choice." One of the station's announcers since early this year, Nancy was previously with the Australian Broadcasting Commission as announcer, commentator, interviewer and disc jockey—roles which she also fills at Radio Hong Kong.

The Greeks In Europe

Those who've listened to the talks by Vernon Bartlett, Bert Russell, Don Salvador de Madariaga and Peter Ustinov during the past four weeks on the subject of "The European

glished scholars.

Tales From Sherwood Forest

There's something special about the younger listeners at 6 o'clock on Thursday: "Hood".

complex," seen from various angles will probably be interpreted to know that the talks, which are now over, are being followed by a series of half-hour features on Europe—dealing respectively with the influences of classical Greece and ancient Rome on Europe, and of a continental European education on the adult of today.

The first programme "The Greek Spirit," produced by Gerard Mansell with Denis Mack and Carole Douglas as the hostesses, is on air at 8.15 and 10.15.

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.02m)

With L. H. Crosby, Alvin Karpis, and
12.30 Babe Daniels and Lynn Lyons
12.45 The Oscar Robin Band
With Barbara Lygon, Richard L.
and Mollie Wells, and
1.00 The Oscar Robin Band
1.15 With Bob Hope, Donnie H.
written by Tom Hodge (Hearst of pro-
gramme and its president in Apr.)
1.30 THE NEWS
MONDAY, SEPT. 14
7.30 p.m. TWENTY QUESTIONS
8.00 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
Train, and Richard Dimbleby
all the questions and Gilbert H.
8.30 THE NEWS
8.45 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN
9.30 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
9.45 WITH NEWS FROM AMERICA
by Alvin Cooke.
9.55 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
10.00 On gramophone records.
10.15 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
10.45 MAINLY FOR WOMEN
11.00 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
11.15 COMMUNENTARY.
11.30 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
11.45 THE OSCAR ROBIN BAND
The Citizen and the Commu-

9.30	AHLBACH, Victor, requests for "THE NEW YORK COMPANY"
	with Sherrill, Nelson, and Orchestra.
	(Director: Jack Leach.)
10.00	THE NEWS
10.05	COMMENTARY
10.15	THE NEWS REPARATION, Aspects of Science which lost behind the News.
10.30	THE NEWS
	The Novel Today and Y the Future
	The Documentary Novel by V Allen.
11.00	SERENADE FOR THREE
	The Albert Wevbe Trio in a gramme of songs.
11.15	BBC RADIO NEWS
	BBC MIDLAND LIGHTS
	Conducted by Gilbert T and orchestra
12.00	midnight GATEWAY LONDON,
	Round portrait of Thames Estuary and life on the river
12.30 a.m.	Paul Martin invites to join him in the SEASIDE OF MUSIC
1.00	THE NEWS
	SECT

[illegible]

THE PO LEUNG KUK.
8.00 THE NOBLES OF CHANCE
8.05 WEATHER REPORT
8.06 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEWS
8.07 COMMENTARY ON THE NEWS
8.12 THE EUROPEAN "COMPASS"
"The Greek Ship"
A Study of Classical
and its Influence on European
Art Edited and Compiled by
Matthew, with Denis McCarthy
Narrator.
8.15 "SCREEN SONG."
Pearlma Durblo
Familiarities from The Film
8.00 HOME REPAIRS
9.35 WEATHER REPORT
10.00 TIME SIGNAL
10.01 THE NEWS & HOME
FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 WEATHER FORECAST
10.25 WEATHER REPORT
11.01 TIME SIGNAL
11.02 EUROPEAN COMMENTARY
11.15 GOODNIGHT MUSIC
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

EVERY MO
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NEWS

MUSIC
COMPERED By
.....
Ma
Alexandra House,
Mikamar Arcade, K

MONDAY & WEDNESDAY
 at 8.15 p.m.
 to
FROM MOUTRIES
 JOHN WALLACE
mtries
 Hongkong Tel. 2052
 Kowloon Tel. 6309

8.30 LONDON SUITE (P. 1905)
The Philharmonic Promenade
Orchestra.
Conducted by Eric Coates.
8.45 WORLD THEATRE.
"Brand".
A dramatic poem by Hen-
rik Ibsen.
The BBC presents Stephen Ma-
ray, Fay Compton and Un-
der the Forest of the dram-
atic poem by Henrik Ibsen. Produced
by Gielgud.
9.00 THE NEWS REPORT.
10.00 TIME SIGNAL.
RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 JOYCE AT THE
PIANO.
12.20 CLOCK DOWN.

Wednesday

7:00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL.
NABOON.
RUBINO NOTES.
7:15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7:43 WEATHER REPORT.
7:53 CHAIRMAN FOR TODAY.
7:58 WEATHER REPORT.
8:00 TIME SIGNAL. THE NEW
PROGRAMMING PARADE.
8:15 MID-WEEK MELODIES.
9:00 CLOSE DOWN.
9:30 P.M. "MUSIC FROM
FULTON."
1:00 TIME SIGNAL.
1:15 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00	a.m. TIME SIGNAL
8.05	THE MARCH OF THE MINUTEMEN
8.10	"RHYTHM RENDEZVOUS"
8.15	WEATHER REPORT
8.20	THE NEWS AT 8
8.25	THE NEWS & SPECIAL A
9.10	"PROGNOSE PARADE"
9.20	"RECORD ROUNDUP"
10.00	THE NEWS AT 10
10.05	OF HER MAJESTY
	GUARDS conducted by MA
10.20	J. H. HARRIS, M.D., AND I
	ORCHESTRA
	"MORNING PROM"
	from "Carnaval Overture (B
	Orch.—Symphonie des Del
	Bruxelles dir. by Fran. An
	Var.—d. a dream?) Flies
	from Irish air, addings more
	from her "Lullaby" Var. from
	of No. 1; (The first) And. Mos
	—Gloria Fugata (Vocal)—with
	London Sym. Concerto No. 1 in F
	minor, Op. 41, Bachmann
	Vocalist—H. J. H. H. H. H.
	Violator—Richter (Piano)

	Midnight: Suite No. 2. Or. 109
	10:55—Cinderella (drama of
	Bal-Royal Opera House
	Covenant Garden, cond. by
	Humphreys
12:30	LONDON CALLING.
	1:00—THE GREAT ESCAPE
	1:30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS
2:00	AND 3:00 COMMENTARY
2:30	3:00—THE CIRCLE OF
	RYTHM.
3:15	3:45—THE TUD Thomas
	"DON'T FORGET THE
	DAUGHTER OF EDWARD 7."
4:00	4:15—MRS. WORTHINGTON.
	John Morris gives a
	reason why.
4:30	4:50—MUSIC IN MINIATURE.
5:00	5:15—WEATHER REPORT.
5:30	5:45—THE NEWS AT HIGH
	THE NEWS & HOME
6:00	6:15—OLD TIME HALLOROM
	with Sydney Thompson.
6:30	6:45—M. Orestione.
7:00	7:15—RETROFARD CAVALCADE
7:30	7:45—THE NEWS AT HIGH
8:00	8:15—RADIO NEWS REEL.
8:30	8:45—HOPE, LIGHTS AND
9:00	9:15—CLOCK DOWN.

Friday

7:00	THE TIME SIGNAL.
7:05	MORNING MELODY.
7:10	NEWS SUMMARY.
7:15	WEATHER REPORT.
7:20	DIARY FOR TODAY.
7:25	WEATHER REPORT.
7:30	THE TIME SIGNAL.
7:35	PROGRAMME LEADS.
7:40	MUSIC FOR YOU.
7:45	CLOSE DOWN.
7:50	THE MID-DAY PRAYER.
7:55	By Rev. Fr. R. W. Lough B.S.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY — THE LIONEL HAMPTON
QUINTET

THE GENIUS OF — COLEMAN HAWKINS.

THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO AT THE STRATFORD
SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.

THE ART TATUM — BUDDY DeFRANCO QUARTET.

PRES AND TEDDY — THE LESTER YOUNG — TEDDY
WILSON QUARTET.

NIGHT AND DAY — CHARLIE PARKER AND HIS
ORCHESTRA.

GENE KRUPA PLAYS CERRY MULLIGAN ARRANGEMENTS

DIZZY GILLESPIE IN GREECE.

COUNT BASIE IN LONDON.

KING OF THE TENORS — BEN WEBSTER.

country

Swad.

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China Mail Presents The Story Of Another Sportsman Who Enriches And Is Enriched By Sport

SPORT MADE THEIR FORTUNE

After Six Years She Is Champion

By PAT BESFORD

Margaret Edwards, after six years of bitter disappointment and near misses, is at last backstroke swimming champion of England.

This greatest of the British swimmers who have never won a major title, beat her fellow international, Sylvia Lewis, by a yard at Blackpool last Saturday to win the 110-yard backstroke championship.

Her time, 1min 12.5sec, was only 3/5 of a second outside Judy Crimham's world record, and only 1/5 slower than her own personal best performance.

Margaret, 20 years old, from Heston, Olympic bronze medalist, European and Empire silver medalist, breaker of five world records, was swimming in her

seventh National Championship meeting.

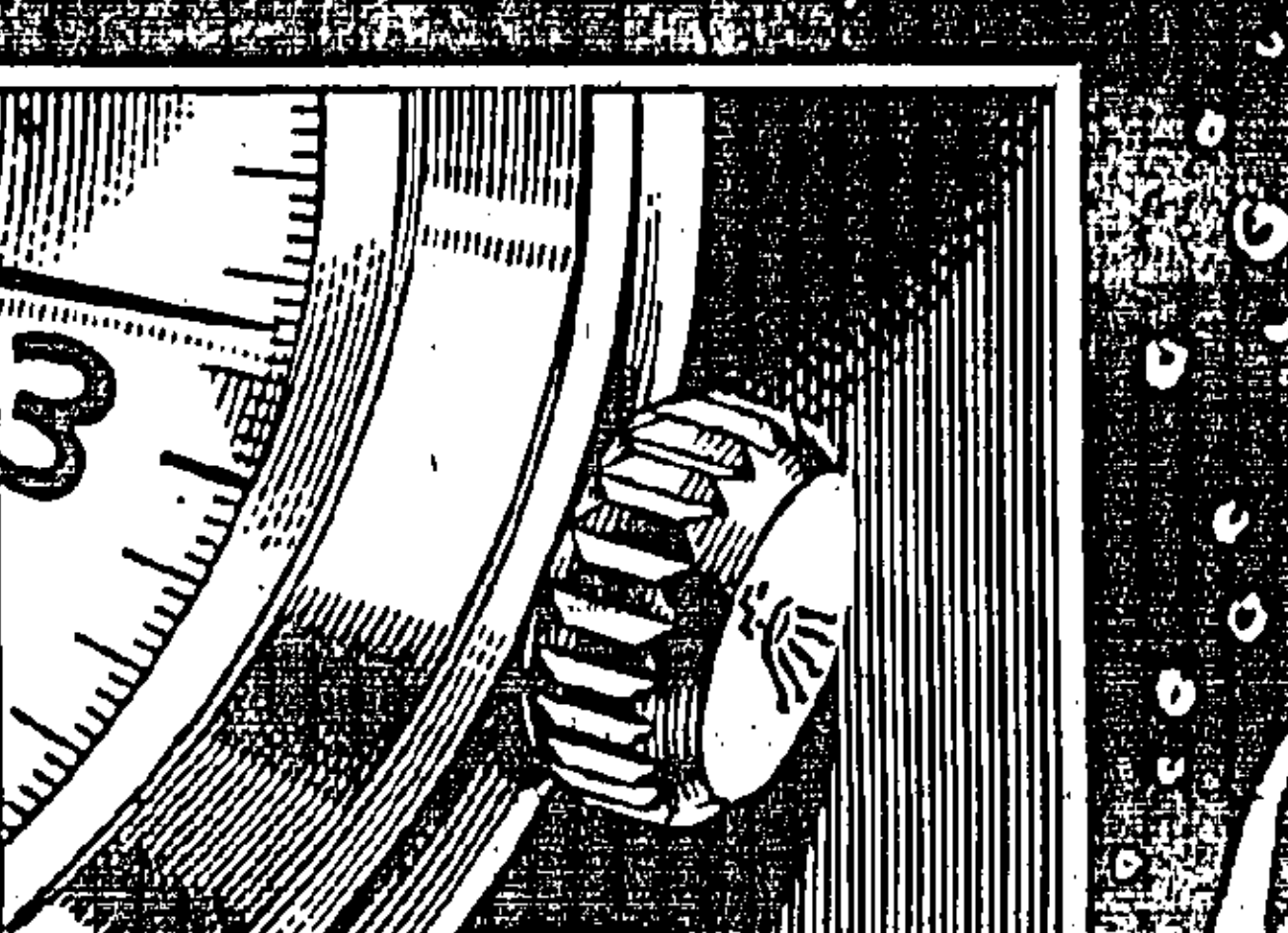
She has been second or third every year, never before the first girl home.

"I thought my time to win must come though sometimes it was hard to have to wait so long," a most excited Margaret told me.

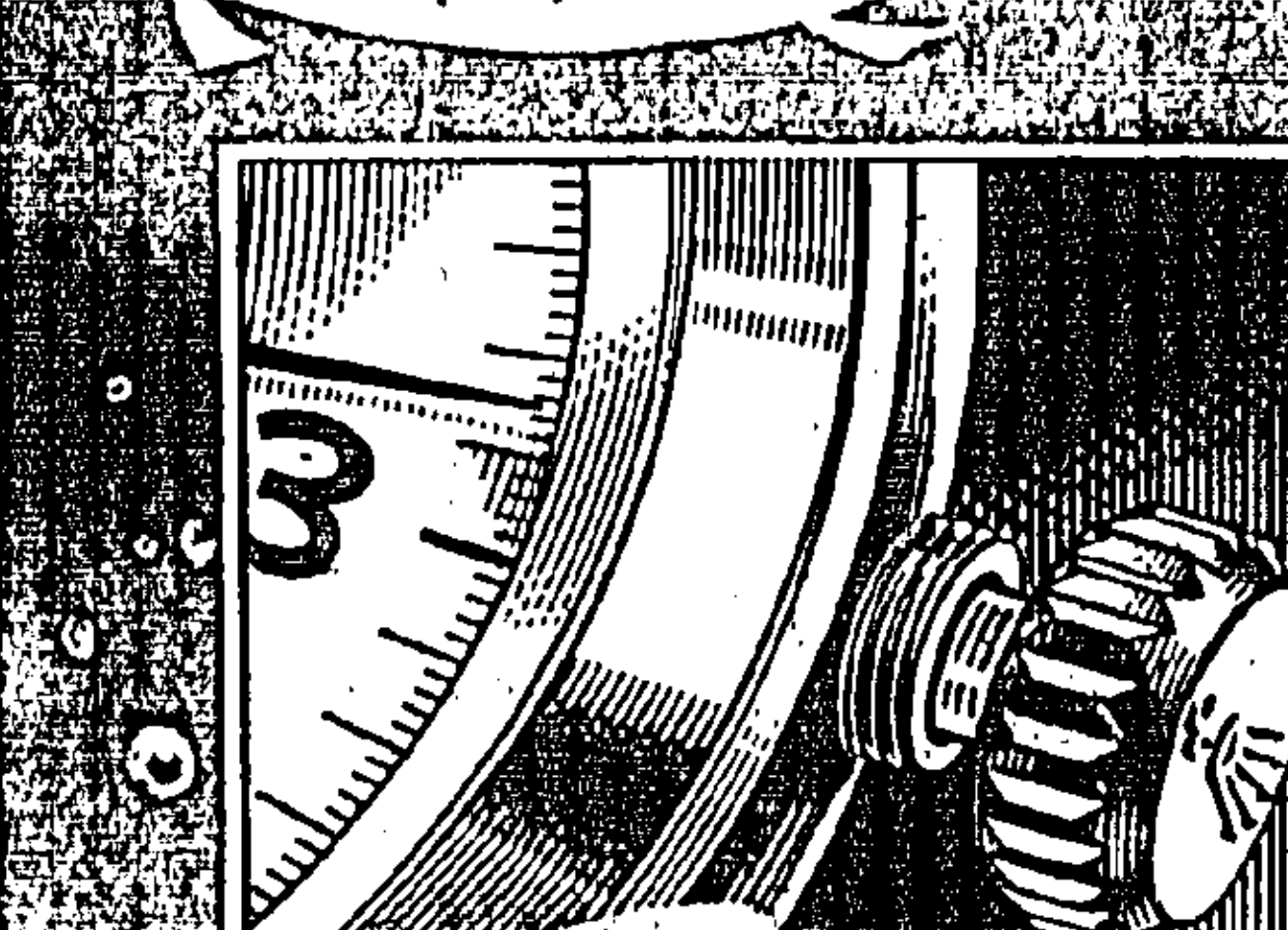
"I didn't start training until June this year. If I had swum in the early internationals, like the other girls, I would have been dead by now. And my dream would never have come true."

27 fathoms down

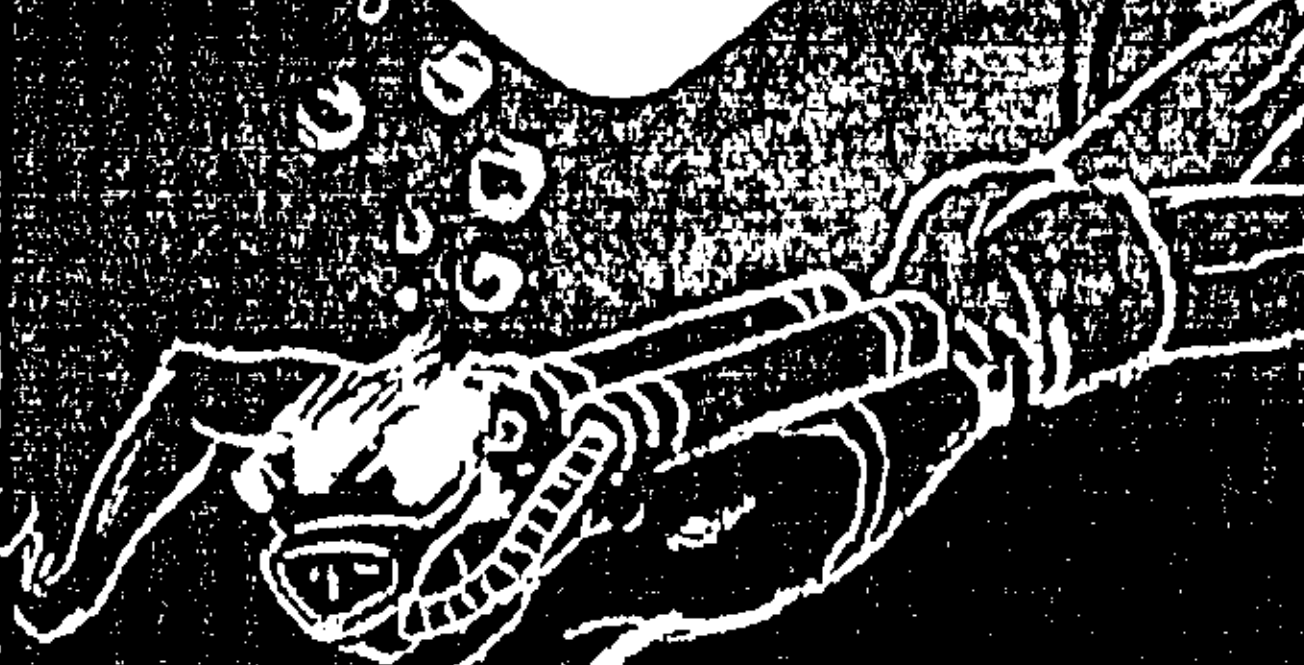
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Fangio The Fearless—The Former £1-a-month Garage Boy Who Makes Good

By JOHN MELVIN

Every morning, from Monday to Friday, a plump, bow-legged businessman arrives at his Buenos Aires office for a twelve-hour working day. Every Saturday he drives 400 kilometres to visit his parents in the country. On Sunday he rests at his luxurious villa.

His life is all well-ordered routine, the unexciting daily round of most businessmen who divide their time between the office and their family.

But turn back the clock 18 months and this middle-aged, balding executive was the victim of a sensational kidnapping plot. Go back two years and he was the fastest racing driver in the world, searching round the Grand Prix circuits of Europe—the idol of millions.

The man: Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina, five times champion racing driver of the world before he retired last year at the peak of his fame.

Fantastic Record

Former garage hand, grease-monkey and bus driver, Juan "The Cat" Fangio sprang from obscurity to racing fame at the ripe age of 38, and retired from motor sport nine years later after winning the Grandes Epreuves and finishing second in nine others—a fantastic record which may never be surpassed or even equalled.

No racing driver has so greatly enriched the sport—or himself.

Fangio, son of a poor immigrant Italian plasterer, told me: "I am not a millionaire. But I own two companies—dealing in motor cars and property—and I have the concessions for Mercedes in three towns."

His profit from motor-racing is a personal secret. But I estimate that the world title was worth more than £25,000 a year to him.

For several years he was a freelance, able to command a fee of about £1,000 from car manufacturers for a single race—plus bonuses and all expenses.

Then there was appearance money, over £500 for a top-of-the-bill Grand Prix personality, and while prize money—as much as £1,000 for first place—goes to the car owner, Fangio would certainly have been given a generous share.

Finally, as world champion, he could attract the fattest publicity "perks" from firms wanting him to sponsor their petrol, oil, tyres, spare parts, brakes and motor parts.

Investing Wisely

All the time that brutal Fangio was amassing his great fortune, he was investing wisely, spending carefully. So, today, the former £1-a-month garage hand is a business tycoon rich enough if he wished to enjoy comfortable retirement for the rest of his years.

When I met Fangio, the business executive, he was sipping a glass of water in a hotel bar—a well-groomed, shortish (5ft 7in), broad-shouldered figure, quietly dressed in a pin-striped suit, with receding hair brushed straight back.

There was no hint that this elegant, soft-spoken gentleman had left school at 12 to bring in pesos to help feed the six children of a humble Italian immigrant family.

Sign that he had dominated the oil-and-dust world of motor-racing for five post-war years.

Only the world-famous profile confirmed that this was the immortal Fangio who became world champion after crashing and breaking his neck at Monza in 1952... who won the Belgian Grand Prix in a Maserati with a broken front suspension... who won a fantastic Mille Miglia for Alfa Romeo after covering more than 500 miles with only one wheel steering.

How did Fangio, a comparatively older in a young man's

sport, make such a fabulous success of motor-racing?

Speaking through an interpreter (his languages are Italian and Spanish), he told me: "Seventy per cent good cars—and a lot of luck."

In reality, the modest Fangio had never won anything by luck. And he certainly has not always been blessed with the world's best cars.

There was no luck at Le Mans in 1955, when "El Chueco" was close on the tail of cars which crashed and killed more than 60 people. Quick-thinking, lightning reflexes, and incredible skill steered him clear of the multiple pile-up.

And it was not only a great car which enabled Fangio, at 48, to win his greatest race, the 1957 German Grand Prix at Nurburgring. After the twelfth lap he came into the pits for a wheel change and fuel, losing the lead for a second time to the Ferrari-powered boys, Hawthorn and Collins.

The world champion, who had over a minute to make up, broke the lap record ten times to snatch a seemingly impossible victory.

Superb Cornering

Ice-cold nerves, combined with immense strength and amazingly quick reflexes, have played the major part in Fangio's success. They enabled him to take corners at a speed few of his contemporaries dared even approach.

His superb, high-speed cornering developed after instruction from the great Nuvolari. His relaxed style in the cockpit owes something to the influence of Farina, the first official world champion.

But such giants of motor-racing only helped to put the final polish on Fangio's brilliant technique. He was a natural-born driver, and when he first invaded Europe in 1949, he had behind him a quarter of a century's experience with cars.

Brought up in the potato-growing country of Balcarce, some 250 miles from Buenos Aires, young Juan became an apprentice mechanic at 12, and had his first race at 21—driving a converted taxi which broke down when he was in sight of victory.

Lack of funds delayed his progress. He was 26, when most racing drivers are at their peak, before he could afford to construct his own car from Ford parts. In 1939, friends clubbed together to raise \$1,000 to buy him a car for the Argentine Grand Prix, and he rewarded them by finishing fifth.

First Great Triumph

Next, by running a lottery, Fangio raised the capital to buy a Chevrolet for the "Gran Premio Internacional del Norte" a 13-day event which took drivers over a tortuous 6,000-mile course, on rough roads and over 18,000-ft. passes, through North Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, and back again across the Pampas.

Fangio lost a stone in weight on that marathon, but won enough money to set himself up as a racing driver. It was his first great triumph.

One year was enough to establish him as Argentina's top driver. He became a national hero; President Peron showered him with honours.

Then in 1949 he made his European debut, racing one of his country's three Mercedes drivers and finishing every race in which he finished. The following year he was runner-up to Farina in the world championship. He won the world title in 1951, 1954, 1955, 1956 and 1957.

Courage as well as skill took fearless Fangio to the top—the brand of courage he displayed in the Argentine Grand Prix of 1953, when many drivers were fazed by the scorching heat to retire from the race.

Ordeal

Stirling Moss dropped out with sunstroke. Ascari crashed. But "The Cat", playing a cunning, waiting game, pounced into the lead with only a few laps to go. And he won after driving like a madman while the second, third and fourth cars were brought home by relays of drivers.

Few people realised the ordeal he had suffered. At every bend he winced in pain as his right leg touched a red-hot, scorching tube in the cockpit. The burns, cutting deep into flesh, took three months to heal. And the scars are still there—the only ones on his body.

Another experience affected Fangio more deeply—in the "Buenos Aires-Caracas" race of 1948 when he escaped with severe cuts and bruises after crashing on a rocky mountain bend. He saw Daniel Urrutia—his co-driver and close friend—killed.

Says the ex-champion: "I was terribly upset. I didn't want to give up racing, but I was frightened that I might have lost my nerve completely."

Juan Fangio is a determined driver, but he has never been a reckless one, never taking needless risks. He once refused to race in the Mille Miglia in Italy because it was "too dangerous." And when his car—in the lead—was withdrawn from the tragic 1955 Le Mans, he said: "There are more important things in this world than finishing a race."

His Philosophy

His philosophy as a racing driver: "I would rather be ten minutes late in this world than twenty minutes early in the next."

Off the track, he has the same easy-going approach to life. Nothing ruffles him; he was not even annoyed when Cuban rebels kidnapped and held him for three hours, making him miss the Grand Prix in Havana.

Fangio has no false illusions about motor-racing. He loves the sport, but knows it for what it is—one of the toughest, most dangerous and demanding professions in the world.

That is why he says he would never encourage his 20-year-old son to follow in his footsteps. "I wouldn't stop him, because racing has given me a great deal of satisfaction. But I wouldn't give him any help at all."

He would have to make good on his own.



JUAN FANGIO...

"Seventy per cent good cars—and a lot of luck."

SPORTS QUIZ

1. In what game is the maximum score 301?
2. Which sports would you be watching if you saw the following competing: (a) a Dragon, (b) a sculler, and (c) a sculler?
3. Which world athletics record is held by: (a) Parry O'Brien, (b) Jesse Owens?
4. With which sport do you associate Dwight F. Davis?
5. What do the world feather-weight and light-heavy-weight champions have in common?
6. Name three soccer players who have captained England since the war.
7. Who played both soccer and rugby for Ireland in 1947?
8. Who captained the successful West Indian cricket team which toured England in 1950?
9. Who was the first player to score 3,000 runs and take 100 wickets in a season of first-class cricket?
10. How many countries have won the Davis Cup?

(Answers on Page 17)

Softball Season Officially Opens Tomorrow

By OLLY VAS

Weather permitting, the 1959-60 softball season opens officially tomorrow at King's Park with the traditional ceremonies associated with occasions of this nature.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, 19 teams have signified their intention of taking part in the various leagues. There are five in the Men's Senior Division, nine in the Men's Junior Section and five in the Ladies' Division.

The first league games are scheduled for next Saturday and Sunday.

It is learned that the Senior division players will not be seen in action until some time later, so all league activities for the next few weeks will be confined to the Junior and Ladies' sections. I hope to be able to give a preview of the

different teams' prospects during the coming playing season as soon as I gather some more information on their line-ups.

An entertaining programme has been arranged for fans who may take the trouble to go up to the ball park tomorrow.

Opening Parade

A grand opening parade, of league teams will be staged after the teams, in full uniform, assemble at 2.00 p.m. sharp. The 1958-1959 league champions in the different divisions will lead the teams in their respective groups in the march past the stands. After this there should be the usual round of "boozing", all in fun as in the past, when that prominent softball personality, Commissioner of Softball, "Doc" Molten made the usual speech to usher in the season, exhorting all players to "get in there and Play Ball". After this spectators can look back in the stands and watch two exhibition matches.

The first game is down for 2.30 p.m. when a Combined First team made up of players from the South China Morning Post and the T'ier

Standard come up against the Officials of the HBSA.

The latter will be well served by a number of veteran ball players and the team taking the field will be picked from Bill Smith, Fred Dillen, Oscar Coelho, Romeo Hamet, Brother Edward, Peter Law, George Pang, David Lo, Lee Chee Hong and Chan Yue Fai. "Doc" Molten will be coaching this bunch of old crooks from the sidelines with chairman Bill Woo chipping in his two bits worth as assistant coach.

Experience v. Youth

It would be almost impossible to forecast the outcome of this game as it is a case of experience being pitted against youth. The Press team are a comparatively younger group and they will be out to avenge their last year's 6-0 defeat when the Association pulled a fast one on them by pitting them against a team of officials and team managers that would have done credit to any Senior league side. Your guess as to the eventual winner is as good as mine.

The other game will be between two "topnotch" teams—China and Portugal. The names of players invited to represent both teams were not available at the time of writing and so I will not venture to forecast the result. Suffice to say that both teams will probably be at full strength if only for reasons of prestige since both sides have dominated the International softball scene for years and this could be a pre-view of next Easter's International final.

LAWN BOWLS SEASON DRAWS NEARER TO ITS CLOSE

Colony Men's Open Championships End Tomorrow With Singles, Triples Finals

By ROBERT TAY

With the Colony lawn bowls league practically completed last week, the local lawn bowls season now draws nearer its close. In the league, only two matches remain to be played—Filipino Club versus Craigengower in the second division and Hongkong Electric Club versus Indian Recreation Club in the third division.

The FC-CCC match actually took place last Thursday, but was interrupted by rain after nine hours had been played. The game will probably be finished next Wednesday.

The Hongkong Electric Club versus Indian Recreation Club match will decide the only undecided title in the league.

Last Wednesday, the Electric Club bowlers missed a golden opportunity of almost assuring themselves of the third division title when they went down to Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

League Final

As they are now only half a point ahead of the Indians, and now need 2½ points from their last match to clinch the title, the HEC-IRC game will be in the nature of a final with the winners (by any margin) claiming the championship.

I understand that arrangements are being made to have this game played off on Saturday, September 19 at the PRC Green.

Tomorrow the men's events of the Colony Open Championships will be concluded with the finals of the Singles and the Triples.

Both matches are scheduled to be played off at the Hongkong Football Club green commencing at 4 p.m.

Contestants in the singles final are George Souza of Craigengower Cricket Club and M. B. Hassan of Indian Recreation Club. Hassan, a former champion and a Colony Bowls Games representative will probably start as favourite, but Souza who led his four to a fine win in the finals final last Sunday, has been playing some very good bowls during the championships and will in my opinion have a 50-50 chance of scoring a "double" in this year's championships.

For Souza there will also be that extra incentive to not only win the title for the first time but also to save the way for his wife who is already in the ladies' singles final to complete a unique accomplishment of both husband and wife winning the singles titles in the same year.

The triples final between the Craigengower combination of W. C. Young, F. Lee and G. O. Ma and Kowloon Dock Club's A. Elliott, A. Lapsley and A. E. Elliott promises to be one of the best matches in the championships this year.

Evenly Matched

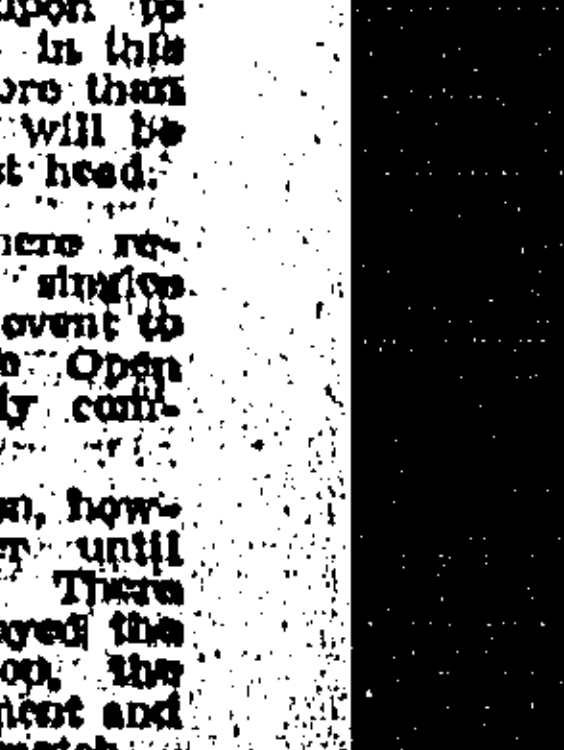
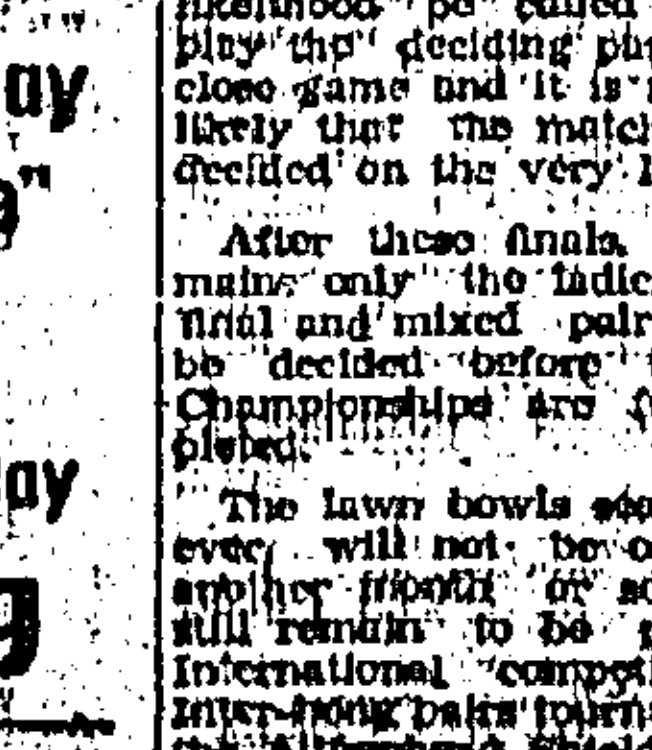
Both teams are almost evenly matched being probably a shade stronger on paper with the Dock three and the Craigengower bowlers enjoying a slight advantage of playing on the comparatively heavy HEC green.

The two sides will in all likelihood be called upon to play the deciding part in this close game and it is more than likely that the match will be decided on the very last head.

After these finals, there remains only the ladies' singles final and mixed pairs event to be decided before the Open Championships are fully concluded.

The lawn bowls season, however, will not be over until another month or so. There still remains to be played the International competition, the Inter-club Bowls tournament and the Inter-club Bowls match.

POP—Goes to the head



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Hongkong Welcomes Several Famous Personalities From The World Of Sport

Hongkong is enjoying the pleasure of entertaining a wealth of important sporting visitors at the present time and it is reassuring to see that our local administrators and enthusiasts are not letting any grass grow under their feet in their efforts to develop the situation to the benefit of Colony sport.

Squash may not be your particular game and in fact you may not know a great deal about it, but to those who play and those who watch it the forthcoming visit of Hashim Khan — one of the fabulous Khans — is an event worth shouting from the housetops.

Sport has always been a source of surprises and there is a subtle mixture of surprise, success, and hard work behind the rise to fame of this wonder racket wielder from Pakistan.

If we craved sensationalism, or enjoyed the Hollywood style build-up we could, with complete justification, acclaim Hashim Khan in such terms as 'Ball Boy to World Champion' or 'From Backlands to World Linelight' and so on for, since as a little boy he first saw a squash court in Peshawar and started retrieving the balls for the senior players, this great sportsman has made steady progress up the ladder of fame.

World's Greatest

His skill is rivalled only by his sense of sportsmanship and although he has now reached the veteran stage there are many who believe that he is still the greatest player in the world today. Hongkong is honoured to have such a man pay us a visit. Spectator accommodation at his various exhibition matches will of necessity be limited but if you wish to see and marvel at the control and sense of anticipation which the complete exponent of squash can achieve then make a special effort to see him in action. You will not be disappointed... and on behalf of all sportsmen we say 'Welcome to Hongkong... Hashim Khan.'

Last night the Colony's television audience had the opportunity of meeting Sir Wavell Wakefield, another of the great international sportsmen currently here on a short visit.

Sir Wavell, who long ago won a special place for himself in the history of English rugby, has recently been to Australia and New Zealand in his capacity as one of the two English representatives on the International Rugby Union Football Board which held a meeting in New Zealand in the middle of August.

Brilliant Career

Sir Wavell is not, however, an armchair administrator for in his day he was one of the greats of English rugby and the name 'Wakefield' appeared regularly on many lists of players selected to represent their country.

He had a brilliant career as an active player and today he enjoys the same eminence as one of the pillars of the game — not merely in England but wherever rugby is played.

It may be timely to have such an important rugby personality in our midst at this moment when the Oxford-Cambridge Combined Rugby team is practically on our doorstep.

Surely it would be a sporting tragedy if this fine team, which has played in Thailand and is now in Japan, should return to the United Kingdom without playing at least one match in this British Colony.

Top class rugby visitors are few and far between. This is the great chance to see and it is to be hoped that Sir Wavell Wakefield will add his weight to the effort which is

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Darts.
2. (a) Yachting, (b) Boxing.
3. (a) Shot-put, (b) Long jump.
4. Lawn Tennis. He was the donor of the Davis Cup.
5. Their surnames — Davey Moore and Archie Moore.
6. Hardwick, Lawton, Macrae, Smith, Wright and Ramsey.
7. Dr. Kevin O'Flanagan.
8. J. D. Goddard.
9. J. H. Parks, 1957.
10. Four. United States, Australia, Britain and France.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

being made to get the University tourists to stop over for a game. If it is humanly possible to fix a match then it seems a must to me... and to everyone who enjoys a stirring game of rugby. It is always difficult of course to switch travel arrangements at the last moment but let the Oxford-Cambridge boys be assured that rugby in Hongkong can reap great benefit from any contribution they can make to it... and the best contribution they can make is to meet a Colony side on the field of play.

Three welcome visitors who are already with us are the oarsmen of Oxford University who are now on the way back to the United Kingdom from a tour in Japan.

It is a great thrill to have the Oxford Crew... winners of the 1958 Boat Race... here in Hongkong and the enthusiastic members of the Rowing Section of the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts to 'exploit' the fame and skill of the visitors to the maximum.

Typhoon Threat

This article is being written under the threat of a visit — and a most unwelcome visit — from a windy lady called Nora who has been inflating herself in the China Sea. As you read your China Mail you will know whether or not she succeeded in upsetting the well laid plans of local oarsmen in their plans to match their skill against that of their famous opponents. I hope she failed miserably and that our illustrious visitors were able to enjoy smooth water.

At the Missions to Seamen tonight the Army Physical Training Corps is staging a big boxing show in connection with its Centenary next year.

There will a distinguished audience and there is every indication they will get their money's worth from the boys who will duck through the ropes. From what I have seen of the arrangements I predict that this will be one of the best stage-managed shows we have seen in a long time but there is one feature the significance of which I hope will not be missed. I refer to the appearance of three young police boxers in bouts during the evening.

Quite A Show

This is an excellent example of sporting co-operation for these three Chinese boys, Tsang Chun-wah, Tsang Chun-kwong and Yuen Yung-chol, have benefited greatly from some first class boxing coaching which they have recently had from the Army and this is their own generous way of saying 'Thank you.' The organisers of the show have planned some interesting added attractions and the spectators will see a couple of pint-sized pugilists trying to prove the old saying that in boxing you can never start too young. There will also be a judo display and if time permits a 'milit' Quite a show, you'll agree.

Colony football enthusiasts must find it very difficult to reconcile the press reports on the games played by the Hongkong footballers in Malaya with the statements made by the team managers on their return.

This sort of thing has happened before but I doubt if any Colony team officials have ever previously come home to be faced with the disparaging press reports which now confront managers Lee and Humain.

There is, for example, the agency report from Malaya which openly accused our players of handling the Merdeka Cup to Malaya on a plate; they were also bitterly criticised for making no apparent effort to win a game in which they were reported to be far and away the better team.

Strong Criticism

There was also strong criticism of the team's conduct in another game in the series. Reports such as these make very unpleasant reading in Hongkong and there is no doubt at all that many local soccer followers have found them very disconcerting.

Questioned on their return to the Colony the team managers made no bones about their disagreement with both the tone and the text of the reports. From conversations I know that the Hongkong team suffered a surprisingly high number of injuries and it has been suggested that this was the real cause of their dismal failure in Kuala Lumpur.

No doubt the officials who went to Malaya in charge of the team will be making their full report to the Hongkong Football Association in due course.

It will be an interesting document and in spite of the press reports it might be a good idea to leave further comment on the matter for the moment. However, even now it is very difficult to understand the wide variance of opinion between the Hongkong officials and the sports reporters of the news agencies which covered the series... but let's be quite fair... let's wait until the official report from the local team managers is published.

Sugar Ray To Watch Downes In Action

By DEREK JOHN

Sugar Ray Robinson, world middle-weight champion and the prince of Harlem, will be at the Wembley ring-side on September 15 to watch Terry Downes defend his British title against Scotland's John McCormack.

Robinson, now 39, will be making his first trip to Britain since he lost his world title to Randolph Turpin that glorious Epsom Court night of July 10, 1951.

Promoter Jack Solomons invited Robinson because if Downes is successful there is every chance he will be fighting next for the world title.

'NOT A BAD IDEA' Solomons was worried in case Robinson could not make the trip. Solomons is more worried now Robinson has confirmed he will be there. 'I've just got to wait and hope Robinson doesn't have to bring his barber, his doctor, his golf professional, his valet, his chauffeur, his car, and his sparring partners,' said Solomons, shuddering at the expense.

WORRIED

'Though it might not be a bad idea if he brought his sparring partners. He could get into the ring then and just show what a great champion he still is at 39.' Empire middle-weight champion Dick Tiger, of Nigeria, will be claiming a shot soon at Robinson's world title now that he has outpointed high-ranking Gen. 'Ace' Armstrong over 10 rounds at Camden, New Jersey. — London Express Service.

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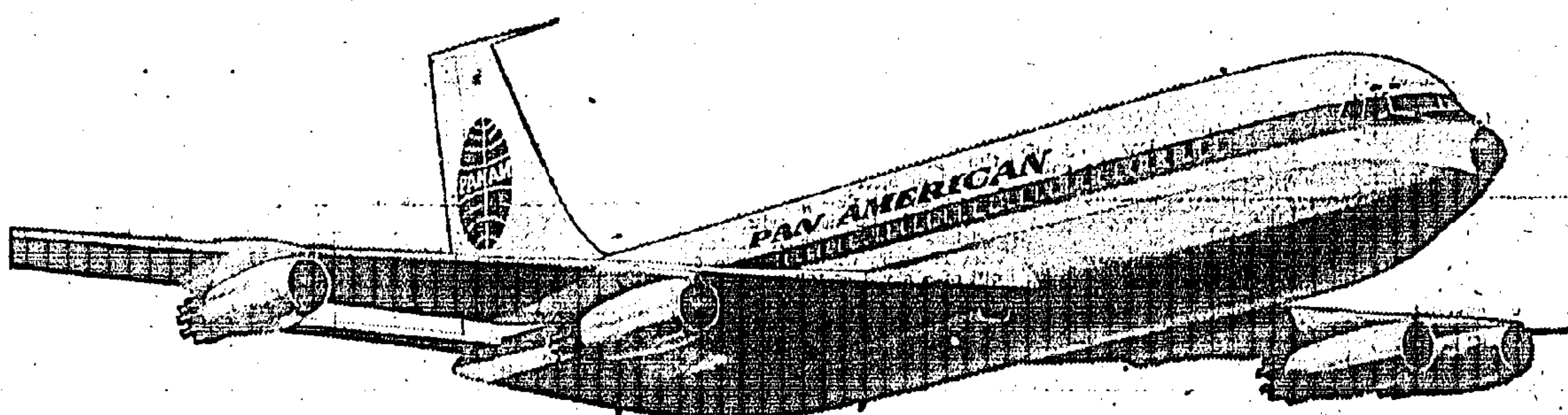
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CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1959.

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Tass Man Granted Bail

Defamation Trial Starts Today

Rangoon, Sept. 11. Mr Yevgeny Kovtunenko, Burma representative of Tass, was granted 25,000 kyats (£1,875) bail today when he appeared before the Rangoon District Magistrate in connection with an alleged case of defamation.

RUSSIAN SLEEP MACHINE

London, Sept. 11. An electronic Russian made "sleep machine" was flown to Sydney from London today aboard the inaugural Boeing 707 flight of Qantas Australian Airline.

The machine is going to Dr David Moore at the Royal Newcastle Hospital, New South Wales, who wants it urgently to treat a mentally sick boy.

IMPULSES

The machine induces sleep by sending mild electric impulses into the brain. The machine was bought in Moscow for £110 by Mrs Doris Birtles, an Australian writer visiting Russia, at Dr Moore's request.

As it is too delicate to travel as airfreight, Mrs Birtles brought it to London personally in a Russian TU-104 jet airliner. A Qantas official is looking after the machine on the flight to Sydney.—China Mail Special.

Wolf Whistle Cost £5 In Court

London, Sept. 11. A "wolf whistle" cost 18-year-old Gerald Kenney a £5 fine today. Police said that Kenney was sitting at a table outside a suburban cafe last night when he suddenly gave a loud "wolf whistle" to a young lady walking on the other side of the street.

He then got up but she hurried away. Fining him for insulting behaviour, the magistrate told him: "If you really wanted to speak to the girl there was a proper way of doing it. Get some more self-respect!" —China Mail Special.

EXCUSE

Fort Worth, Texas, Sept. 11. Eugene Polcete, 20, who was in jail today on a bigamy charge, said he married wife number two because she threatened to tell wife number one of their affair.

"I sure didn't want that to happen," Polcete said.—UPI.

The Magistrate ordered Mr Kovtunenko to appear tomorrow for trial of the case, which was brought last April by U Law Yone, editor of the influential English-language newspaper, Nation.

Allegations

Warrants for the arrest of the Soviet journalist were issued on May 15 after he failed to appear in court a week earlier to face the defamation charge. But he took refuge in the Soviet Embassy.

Spanking

El Centro, Calif., Sept. 11. Sheriff's Deputy Jess Thomas said this phone conversation with a young caller who asked information about the law, but wouldn't identify himself. "Is there a law against spanking a child?" The caller asked.

"It depends on how hard the spanking is," Thomas said. "If you just want to know."

"You must have a reason. Why did you call?"

"I just got spanked!" —UPI.

Rose and Sedgman Win Semi-Final

Paris, Sept. 11. Australia's Mervyn Rose and Frank Sedgman beat Australia's Ken Rosewall and Ecuador's Pancho Segura 6-3, 3-6, 6-4, 6-3 in the second semi-finals doubles of the Clay Courts Professional Championships here today.—AFP.

Miles Of Track

Chicago, Sept. 11. There are 524,000 miles of railroad tracks in the United States, but only 390,000 are capable of returning any revenue, a railroad magazine said.

The other 134,000 miles of tracks are owned by model railroad hobbyists, according to the magazine—Model Railroader. It said most of the toy train owners are adults.—UPI.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is —YES.

This Funny World



"This is your conscience speaking!"

PEARCE'S XI BEAT INDIANS IN LAST MATCH

Scarborough, Sept. 11. A dashing display by Roy Marshall, Hampshire's opening batsman, was largely responsible for India suffering their 11th defeat in the final first class match of their tour at Scarborough by five wickets.

Earlier in the day when fog enveloped the ground and made the players invisible to the crowd of 5,000, the Indians put up a creditable fight. Kripal Singh led the day with some fearless hitting which earned him 104 runs while he made 62 out of a stand of 103 in an hour with Gaeckwad, his captain.

Both were very severe on Illingworth, who, after taking four wickets for 22, found his analysis almost ruined. Gaeckwad took out his bat for 70 in two and a quarter hours. It was one of his finest innings of the tour.

Three Hours

Pearce's side of 11 Test men wanted 235 to win in three hours an average of 78 an hour. Marshall put them well in front of the clock with one of the best exhibitions of the nine-day festival. He cut with great power anything short and outside the off stump, and hitting nine fours, scored 91 out of 97 in 70 minutes.

Barrington played some useful strokes and at the tea interval 107 runs were still needed in 80 minutes. Then came a typical effort by Evans who virtually put the issue beyond doubt with 44 out of 62 in only 35 minutes. He hit Nadekarni for six and fell next ball to a grand catch in the deep by Kripal Singh.

Dexter showed his class in the final stages and he finished the match with his second six by straight-driving Nadekarni out of the ground to give his side victory with 35 minutes to spare.

Indians 176 and 310 (P. Roy 70, D. K. Gaeckwad 70 not out, A. C. Kripal Singh 62, Jaisinh 26, Illingworth 4/01, Trueman 3/05).

New Record For Channel Swim

Calais, Sept. 11.

Abello Couto, a 34-year-old Brazilian lawyer, who in 1957 four times failed to swim the English Channel today set up a new record for the Britain to France crossing with a time of 12 hours, 49 minutes and 40 seconds.

The previous record was 13 hours, 33 minutes. Couto, who is one of the few channel swimmers not to use grease, was fed with soup, chocolate and tea during his record breaking swim.

The Brazilian, of medium height and sturdy build, first succeeded in swimming the channel from the French coast on August 10 last year with a time of 12 hours, 45 minutes, nearly two hours longer than the record of 10 hours, 50 minutes set up in this direction by Egypt's Abdel Rehim in 1951.

Britain's Gordon Hill today swam from France to England in 12 hours 48 minutes.—AFP.

OLMEDO KNOCKS OUT EMERSON IN U.S. TENNIS

By STEVE SNIDER

Forest Hills, N.Y., Sept. 11. WIMBLEDON champion Alex Olmedo of Peru led the field into the men's semi-finals of the U.S. Tennis Championships today knocking over Roy Emerson of Australia, 6-4, 3-6, 6-2, 6-3, on the windswept centre court at the West Side tennis club.

Noale Fraser, Australia, beat Luis Ayala, Chile, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Olmedo displays his best touch despite the wind and fired away without let up at the 22-year-old Aussie doubles star, who had hoped for an upset.

Alex let down only once on his service, offering a break in the fourth game of the second set to go down 1-3 on Emerson's passing shots. That cost him the set.

But Olmedo quickly won the next two, breaking Emerson twice in the third set with ringing placements and once again in the fourth Alex allowed only five points off his service in the fourth set.

In Trouble

Another unseeded player to reach the men's semi-finals was 21-year-old Ronald Holmberg, of New York, who beat fourth-seeded Rod Laver, a member of Australia's victorious Davis Cup squad, 6-8, 7-5, 6-0, 6-3.

Emerson was in trouble early in the fourth set, and almost lost his service the second game, but managed to pull it out in a 10-point battle.

In the sixth game Olmedo hit with confidence and Emerson, desperately on the defensive, stayed mostly in backcourt. However, on the final two points, Emerson was each time caught helplessly in midcourt as the sharp placement whistled past him to land safely in the corner of the court.

Emerson, who had rung up love games in his first two services, quickly ran out the set and match with a powerful and deep service which had Emerson straining on each attempted return.

Major upset of the day was supplied by 31-year-old Bernard "Pat" Barzen the national clay

court champion, who knocked out second seeded U.S. player Barry Mackay in straight sets. Barzen beat Mackay, a Davis Cup player, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Shock result in the women's quarter finals was the 6-3, 6-2 win by Britain's Ann Haydon-Jones No. 6, over second-seeded Sandra Reynolds, of South Africa.

Wimbledon champion Maria Bueno of Brazil gained the women's semi-finals by defeating former champion Louise Brough Clapp of Beverly Hills, Calif., 6-3, 6-2. —UPI and Reuter.

Police Swimming Gala Today

The Hongkong Police Force Association are holding their annual swimming gala at the Victoria Park Swimming Pool, Causeway Bay, at 7 p.m. today. Mrs H. W. E. Heath, wife of the Commissioner of Police will be presenting the prizes at the conclusion of the gala.

HOCKEY WINNERS

The 1/7 Gurka Rifles beat 5 Field Regiment 2-1 yesterday afternoon in the final of the 43 Brigade Hockey Knockout Tournament played at Sekong.

Shelbyville, Illinois, Sept. 11. Shelby County is looking for fatalities.

A new ordinance gives citizens the authority to turn each other in for traffic violations. It even provides special procedures for informing on offending drivers.—UPI.



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WANTED KNOWN

MOON FESTIVAL CELEBRATION on Thursday, 17th Sept., 1959, the Aor Hoi Hotel will hold a lunch picnic to celebrate the moon festival. The lunch will be served at 1.30 p.m. and will be moored at one of the Colony's beautiful beaches. This will afford those who like to enjoy moonlight swimming. Tickets are \$2.00 at the reception office at 1100-1200 each, which includes dinner. The launch will leave at 6 p.m. from Kowloon Ferry Pier and return by midnight. For reservation, phone 67801.

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